THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XVII | New York, Wednesday, December 14, 1932 | Number 7

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Root of the Matter 169
Week by Week 170
Types of the Time 173
The Church and Crime.....John P. McCaffrey 175
The Baby Racket .....Katharine Darst 177
Outlander (*verse*) .....Phyllis McGinley 179
Goats and Other Problems.....T. O'R. Boyle 180
Indian Blood .....William Everett Cram 183
Prohibition and Tolerance .....John A. Ryan 186
Road to Morar (*verse*) .....L. A. G. Strong 186
The Play .....Richard Dana Skinner 187
Communications 188
Books .....Carlton J. H. Hayes, George N. Shuster, Grenville Vernon, Richard J. Purcell 191

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1932, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

THERE has been launched in the Archdiocese of New York, with the approval and the blessing of Cardinal Hayes, the Catholic League for Social Justice, an organization which we strongly desire to call to our readers' attention. It is at present a very small group of men and women, just starting its work, and it enters a field of action which apparently is already well occupied—it might even seem to be overcrowded—by other organizations which also have for their main purpose, as this one has, the intention "to inaugurate a militant crusade to attain the ideals of social justice of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, as expounded in his encyclical, 'Quadragesimo Anno.'" Yet we believe that this new organization—or, at any rate, the main idea which it seeks to express—is exceedingly important. It goes to the very root of the whole matter of Catholic Action. It may or may not itself succeed in its effort to express its central idea in practical action; that depends upon whether the Catholics of the New York Archdiocese do or do not rally to the standard erected by this group of laymen, in sufficient numbers, and with adequate determination and sincerity, to give the effort a fair trial. But we feel quite sure that unless the central motive of this new organization is clearly understood, and firmly adopted and put into action by all Catholic organizations and individuals, there can be no real and lasting success for them in any field of Catholic Action.

The committee on organization of this new (yet also very old) movement among the laity, in issuing its plan, refers to a letter written by Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy, and published by a number of Catholic newspapers and magazines last September. In this letter Mr. O'Shaughnessy, a prominent business journalist, a man intimately familiar with the economic processes which today have reached a condition of such acute crisis as to threaten world-wide social disaster if not properly solved, stated the main conclusion which he and several other laymen had reached in regard to this matter as follows:

"The social, financial and industrial dislocation that has overwhelmed the world demands that we conform our human relations to our spiritual ideals, and the value and security of all property and the material happiness of all the people of the United States depends upon the attainment in this country of social justice as propounded by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in his inspired encyclical, 'Quadragesimo Anno.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Convinced that the difficulties in the way of realizing this hope are so overwhelmingly great that success can only be had through Divine assistance, we have decided to associate ourselves in a League for Social Justice in which the only qualification for membership will be a pledge by each member as nearly as possible to hear Holy Mass every day and receive Holy Communion once a week for the success of our efforts, and each one undertaking to do everything in his power, in his family and business life and in his social and business contacts, to promote the principles of social justice as defined by our Holy Father."

A large number of replies to the letter were received from men and women who signified their desire to enroll in the proposed league. A committee of fifteen laymen drew up a definite plan in consultation with members of the clergy, and the plan was approved and blessed by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. It is expected that similar leagues will be formed in other dioceses, and thus a national movement may develop. We give below some of the more important passages from the plan, a complete copy of which may be obtained by writing to the League for Social Justice, 30 West 16th Street, New York City.

"As there are a large number of Catholic devotional and social societies now adequately serving the needs of Catholics, it is not proposed to add another, but rather to provide the members of these existing societies, as individuals, an opportunity to participate in a crusade for social justice. It is hoped in this way to mobilize the combined strength of all these societies, to enable their members to answer the call of our Holy Father and participate in a crusade for social justice. . . . It is by doing social justice first of all in our own lives and then by crusading for it, that we can realize the Kingship of Christ on earth and the brotherhood of man. Divine assistance is absolutely indispensable to the attainment of this end.

"There will be no formal organization, nor officers. This is an individualistic movement. It should be remembered that the Catholic Church operates in the conscience of the individual, not in the mass, that it differentiates between religion and humanitarianism, between charity and philanthrophy. . . .

"All Catholics above eighteen years of age, lay men and women, clergy and religious in their status as citizens, are eligible for membership. Members of the following and similar organizations are invited to join the movement and crusade within these organizations for social justice: National Council of Catholic Men, National Council of Catholic Women, National Catholic Alumni Association, National Catholic Alumnae Association, Holy Name Society, Knights of Columbus, Third Order of St. Francis, Manresa Men, Catholic Evidence Guild, Catholic Converts League, Sodalities of Men and Women, Catholic College and High-school Students, League of the Sacred Heart, League for Daily Mass, Rosary Society, Central Verein, Catholic Unity League, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Nocturnal Adoration Society. There shall be no initiation fee nor membership dues. The small amount of money required to finance the crusade will come from voluntary subscriptions. Crusaders wishing to join the movement will sign the pledge, forward it to the State Recorder and receive a membership card. His (or her) activities thereafter will be dictated by his own conscience.

"To secure the Divine assistance deemed indispensable to success in Catholic Action to attain social justice in this country, prospective members of the League will sign the following pledge:

" 'I resolve to inform myself on Catholic doctrine on social justice, to conform my life to its requirements and to do everything in my power, in my home and religious life, in my social and business contacts, to promote its principles.

" 'Realizing that I cannot keep this resolution faithfully without Divine help, I further resolve, as nearly as possible, to hear Holy Mass twice a week (once besides Sunday) and daily if possible; and to receive Holy Communion at least once a month and weekly if possible, to attain social justice in the United States.'. . .

"We—the committee on organization—recommend that the Catholic League for Social Justice in the Archdiocese of New York be placed under the patronage of the Blessed Mother of God, to whose protection, in her Immaculate Conception, our country's destiny has been dedicated."

WEEK BY WEEK

Congress Meets

AS CONGRESS meets, there is no one who does not wait in fear and anxiety. The issues which confront this body of lawmakers are grave and complex; but though many of those who sit as representatives or senators are honest and thoughtful citizens, a group chosen on the whole with so little regard for superiority of insight or knowledge is hardly prepared to do more than be a faithful reflection of American public opinion. This is also a lame-duck session, handicapped by the hundred special difficulties familiar to the historians of such sessions. What will be said and done concerning the fundamental problems? Will the Congress seek to escape from the toils of continuing destructive deflation by easy recourse to inflation? Or will there be honest speech and action concerning the things which clamor for decision? We are not very optimistic. We believe that every thoughtful citizen owes it to his country to follow carefully every move made during the past few weeks, and to write his or her congressman when occasion demands. It is also a time for propaganda. If everybody who has studied the national problems realistically were to pass on to his less well-informed neighbors those newspaper and magazine articles which seem best to merit reading, or were himself to do a bit of preaching, the results would be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obvious. May God not only enlighten minds, but give us all strength and courage to do what is possible for the rescue of civilization in a dark hour!

The War Debts

THERE is nothing to indicate that the status of the war debt question will be changed during the present session of Congress. Very probably Mr. Hoover could, if he so wished, extend the moratorium another six months, leaving Congress free to repudiate his action and insist upon payments. But this would not settle the question, which is precisely the thing to be disposed of before any lasting business recovery can be expected. With Congress inalterably opposed to further moratoria and reductions, with many of its members apparently anxious that the debtor nations default and be done with it, the outlook for sane reconstructive action is not good. Mr. Lippmann writes from Washington to the effect that large numbers of Americans who are deeply in debt cannot see why foreigners should go scot-free while they are wallowing in misery. This attitude is strengthened by anti-European sentiment lingering on since the war and recently intensified. It begins to look, therefore, as if we shall have to face debt revision through national and international default on a scale not yet imagined. The world appears to be too unsettled and distraught to permit coöperative planning for recovery. If that is true and there be no way out save deflation to the bitter end, it would probably be a blessing if the collapse came promptly. But there is still hope for a saner policy, and to it we shall cling.

Repeal or Otherwise

AS WE write, Congress has just witnessed a skirmish over the prohibition issue. Mr. Garner, Vice-President-elect, attempted to squeeze the needed two-thirds vote for repeal through the House, thus serving notice that the Democratic platform meant what it said. The maneuver failed, by a narrow margin. As had been expected Republican wets, many of whom surpass the Democrats in their eagerness for beer and wine, supported the repeal attack. We ourselves do not believe, at this moment, that this first repeal vote will be accepted as final. There is, indeed, no reason why Mr. Garner should not wait until a full attendance affords opportunity to overcome the narrow margin by which the prohibitionists held out. To stake everything on this hasty and ill-prepared throw would be equivalent to courting a political fiasco. But whether or not Congress as a whole will underwrite a repeal bill during this session remains exceedingly doubtful. Beyond any question a good deal of compromising and debating will have to take place. We think that the movement against drought will reach its objective during the next two years. The desire of the people has been clearly expressed; and despite their assorted shortcomings, our legislative bodies do respect this desire.

The Sidewalks of New York

IT HAS long been rumored that Al Smith possessed ideas of his own regarding the government of New York City, but few were prepared to believe that the said ideas were as comprehensive and barbed as his testimony before the Hofstadter Committee (which, be it said for the benefit of those who live far from Manhattan, is the officially appointed body of probers into the city's affairs) indicated. Mr. Smith, having repudiated the manager plan, came out for a highly centralized municipal rule, placing all executive functions in the hands of the mayor and organizing the departments under eleven "cabinet members." These members would have legislative authority, subject to the mayor's veto, in about the same way as the state assembly and senate act in consciousness of the governor's authority. Similarly, the ex-governor's analysis of the transportation and fiscal problems, of housing and policing, led to the assertion that hope could lie only in effective and rational organization. Naturally the whole plan is based upon the conviction that the electorate will hold an executive mayor responsible, and so gradually eliminate at least some of the dishonesty and inefficiency now rampant. If Mr. Smith himself could see his way clear to effecting and supervising these changes, it might be that New York would cease to be an illustration of doddering civic idiocy and begin to show the rest of the country "how it can be done."

A New Hanseatic League

FROM time to time we have noted signs of what we have referred to as a feudal economic order in the world today. That is, it has seemed to us that we are likely to witness for some time to come small relatively self-sufficient economic units in great numbers in place of the old order of world trade. This is not necessarily a counsel of despair, nor is a stubborn disinclination to face the fact that the old order changeth sound wisdom. A survival of usefulness in the new order will depend on appreciating what the new order is. Obvious faults can be found with a feudal system; the most apparent is the endless chain of petty rivalries and petty bickerings that will arise. There can be also, we believe, realistic advantages. In the old order, the British economic empire was the Rome of its day. This was true not only of British commerce but also of British banking. The finis to this empire was written this past year when Great Britain deserted its free trade policy and when its once proud ministers traveled across the sea to one of its colonies to bargain for trade advantages. It was in the shadow of the British Empire, that before the war other nations extended their international economic relations.

NOW ENGLAND, in seeking to secure for itself special advantages with its colonies, reciprocally has to yield to them a measure of its ancient freedom. And

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other countries standing outside of these feudal, family strongholds turn to their own nearest neighbors or cousins for exclusive alliances. Particular instances of this are too numerous and familiar to cite. The most recent is the Oslo convention and the subsequent meetings at the Hague. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Netherlands joined in these. The deliberations were private and no communiqués were issued. Foreign Minister Munch of Denmark, arriving in London, deprecated rumors of a "united front" against Great Britain, where tariff negotiations with the several countries mentioned are about to take place. He said, however, "Naturally friendly neighbors like the Scandinavian countries are always in communication with each other, and we shall keep each other informed." In view of the private nature of their communications with each other, the facts speak for themselves. The men concerned with such matters in the United States, meanwhile, may seek some solace in the fact that our country is the largest free trade area in the world.

Posers at Commencement

IN A VERY interesting paper contributed to the *New England Quarterly*, Dr. James J. Walsh calls attention to the theses in use by college graduates on commencement morn in colonial United States. These were "broadsides containing lists of philosophical and other propositions in Latin and Greek, which were printed for distribution among the audience." The flustered student was thereupon called upon to defend some such statement as the Anselmian "Deus potest esse, ergo est." Apparently the thesis retained its popularity in such institutions as Harvard and Yale until the close of the eighteenth century, so that the "fathers of the country" were trained in the method which such debating presupposed. Dr. Walsh, after conferring with other students of the matter, concludes that the lists of propositions did not differ materially from those used in Jesuit institutions or indeed in mediaeval universities. Of course there were divergencies on points of theology or even science, but the underlying system was the same. Upon this use of a standard "scholastic" method, the author then builds quite a case against modern indifference to closely-knit logical reasoning. And certainly one feels that the training received by our early statesmen and thinkers may have been in part responsible for their obvious superiority to their intellectually slovenly successors.

Relativity and Patriotism

THE PROBLEM of who shall be let into the country and who shall be kept out of it is not the easiest one in the world to solve; but one thing is certain. If an alien who is also one of the world's most eminent scientists is suspected of being a political and social menace to us because of his views on law and government, matters are not clarified very much by denouncing his scientific theories. The country emerged unharmed from Professor Einstein's last visit, and it is our own feeling that it will take no hurt from his forthcoming sojourn at Princeton in the enjoyment of a professorship. But it is true that, if and when he begins teaching here, the terms of his stay among us will have changed. It is true that he is a pacifist, and we presume that it is true, as alleged, that he is "a member of several Communist organizations under Moscow management." If debate is called for on these points, as the Women's Patriotic Organization believes it is, let it be confined to relevant matters, such as the professor's political philosophy, the likelihood of his causing actual subversion in that field, the national tradition in the case of highly distinguished visitors, of whatever conviction, and the precedents material to this particular case. In the name of humor and common sense, let the accusers refrain from going on record with such statements as that Dr. Einstein's original theory "was of no scientific value or purpose, not understandable because there was nothing there to understand." Dr. Einstein is reported to have remarked, anent these various objections, that "Rome was at one time saved by the cackling of her faithful geese." As patriots ourselves, we wish that the application of his words were less apparent than it is.

Christmas, 1932

WITH his fine combination of Christian scholarship, an imagination that, instead of manufacturing chimeras, sees the amazing realities in the midst of which we live, and his agreeably lucid exposition, the Abbé Ernest Dimnet in the current issue of the *Cosmopolitan* points to the tidings of great joy for this chastened world on this Christmas. In the simplest terms, the specific cause for such joy is that all over the world, more than in many years past, people will appreciate the true significance of the Nativity. The triumph for mankind that came during the Holy Night was not mundane, says the Abbé: "The new King was the Prince of Peace, his sovereignty was over souls, and the spectacular change was a change of hearts." The complete significance of this, of course, can be appreciated best by those who have given their minds to it more than passingly; yet the essence of it can no doubt be grasped even by the thoughtlessly worldly now confronted with pressing need for thought. Though they may lack the sacramental illuminations, though they may never even have heard of the beautifully minute memorializations of the liturgical year, the heedless masses are prepared for the appreciation of values that are not to be found in ephemeral riches: delight in making the most of little, contentment with home life and a searching of one's inner resources to find there the means of giving pleasure to others and of achieving happiness oneself. These are distinctly tidings brought by Christ. No family could be poorer than that little family at Bethlehem where the young mother had to bear her child in a stable and depend for warmth on the breath of beasts. In the conclu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion of his article, the Abbé neatly identifies the sceptic with the chronic critic. THE COMMONWEAL's weekly function is to emphasize the matters with which the Abbé deals, and we too find reasons for joy that he should have had an opportunity to convey his message through one of our great popular magazines that reaches, literally, millions of our fellow countrymen.

C'est la France

A COUNTRY so self-contained, so motivated from its own deep center, so indubitably *sui generis* as France, can never elicit mere indifference or vapid acquiescence. Even the sacred aphorism that France is the second homeland of every civilized man of another race, does not imply that the civilized are assimilated to her; rather it implies that she gives them those clarifications and reassurances that permit them to be truly themselves. We cannot do without her, however much we may object to her rural sanitation here, or her tourist prices there. Like Meredith's lady, she was born to bruise and bless. And one need not apologize for finding it quite in the rhythm of history that the same newspapers that carry troublous items about debts, gold, reparations and the Lausanne conference, should also carry the modest but immortal story of the will of Mme. Lucie Bevvy. Even Mme. Bevvy's name is right. For she was a deep-hearted, right-minded daughter of France who decreed, and made testamentary provision for, a bottle of wine at the side of her grave, to be perpetually replenished by the sexton "so that visitors to the cemetery might not go thirsty." Now, that seems to us something like an example. That is Christian remembrance plus pagan cheer. That is the true Gallic balance, that can combine the sorrow of the soul with the refreshment of the body. There seems to be, so far, less than the true Gallic balance in the public's response, the visitors to the cemetery having increased to the point where the sexton has had virtually to suspend all his other duties. But, when a tradition is getting itself established, that is surely a detail.

King Will

IT IS said that the American genius is found chiefly in the American joke; that in our humor we are most ourselves, and that our humorists are our most important men. Those who deplore our readiness to be beguiled from the more serious issues of life, deplore this; those who agree with Mr. Chesterton that funny is not necessarily the opposite of serious, find a social antisepsis and a psychological tonic in the wit and savagery of our comic take-offs on ourselves. But it is doubtful whether either camp expected to receive the testimony to the importance of the funny man in our social scene, that was publicly given recently. Mr. Will Rogers, who has had *carte blanche* to be amusing on any subject he will in the New York *Times,* was sharply reproved in the *Herald Tribune's* columns by Mr. Walter Lippmann, America's leading commentator on political affairs, for his expressed conviction that America should insist on collecting the war debts. The rebuke consisted merely of a question designed to show that Mr. Rogers was misquoting the campaign pledges of both the President and the President-elect. But it marks an acknowledgment whose justice cannot be gainsaid. In thus distinguishing Mr. Rogers, Mr. Lippmann gave him an important place among the opinion-makers whose influence Mr. Lippmann himself holds it vital to counteract because it is so powerful. And that is where he belongs, for that is where we have put him. If Mr. Rogers's wit always acted as a social antisepsis, there would be nothing in his power to cause disquiet. It has another side, unfortunately, complacent, limited, nationalistic, that may well cause us all concern.

TYPES OF THE TIME

IF THE temper of human society is really changing, we ought to see a definitely new type of representative citizen emerge. But do we? It is possible to declare that certain familiar samples are disappearing —that the supply of dapper, oily, amiable Kreugers and Insulls is dwindling rapidly, that a specific kind of business man has now virtually exhausted himself by suicide, and that the well-dressed politician, Jimmie Walker model, may henceforth make his home on the Riviera. Yes, some even hold that the spectacular desperado of the Al Capone ilk is beginning to look a bit like last year's silk shirt.

Yet this appraisal is merely tentative. Many another well-nigh institutionalized citizen is bearing up rather well. The columnist is as chic as ever; and when, like Will Rogers in the *Times,* he grows worse and worse, people seem to laugh harder and harder. Hunk Anderson is doing nicely as Knute the Second. Bill McGeehan is making the same old funny remarks. The incoming Congress promises to be even more orthodox than usual. Campaigners for Barbasol, Listerine and other precious additions to the American standard of living manifest no change of tactics since 1928. And, last but not least, the President-elect declares firmly that he will not endeavor to be a "new" species of chief executive but that he swears by Woodrow Wilson, model 1916.

Perhaps as much could be alleged concerning the great electorate. The jobless who knock at the back-door in quest of a quarter, a meal or an old pair of pants are just as deferential, equally as good-natured about it all, as they were in those halcyon days when everybody imagined that the "slump" was a mere hangover from a financial gin party. Collectors for community chest drives and such worthy enterprises will tell you that the same givers are giving, and that the same pikers are piking. Nearly everybody has, to be sure, lost a little of that good old breeziness which the boys at the periscope told us was normal to the seas of American life. It used to be that if a bond salesman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made forty a week he tried to have his name put on the waiting list at the Bankers Club. At present not even the lifelong members of the Club will admit that they are earning as much as that. But why put too much emphasis upon a mere loss of élan? In the secret recesses of his heart, the American citizen is waiting for the day—in German it used to be called *Der Tag* and sounded sinister—when United States Steel will climb back to 100 and a Duesenberg will no longer seem the symbol of a lost golden age.

We hate to generalize, but the conclusion to which one arrives after making the survey indicated above is that business is still the center of our intellectual and social existence. Such changes as are manifest are taking place in this center. A different variety of executive is emerging here and there—a man considerably more troubled than he has ever previously been, dubious about the vitamin-value of favorite slogans, and ready to welcome the point of view of once despised "experts." It is true that he still potters around in generalities, vigorously debating questions that are a bit beside the point. But he has girded his loins with seriousness and remains determined to fight a hard battle with destiny in spite of technocracy and kindred terrors.

Europe seems to have produced one distinctively new citizen, and to have surrounded him with some other human novelties more or less interesting. The political dictator, real or would be, originally grew out of a Socialist movement tried by the war and its aftermath. There is no longer any use dwelling upon the peculiar virtues of Lenin and Mussolini, both of whom have been fathers of revolution. More recent, however, is the type of overlord, real or imaginary, which a harassed democracy seems to desire. First Poland, then Hungary and then Germany have virtually entrusted government to a real soldier, lest one only partly real gain control of the situation. In all these cases, the underlying force has been nationalism, concentrating the more or less chaotic yearnings of a people in a single personage. And by way of compensation there have appeared a number of interesting revolutionists, most of them little known but some famous enough to get their pictures taken by American press photographers.

Of new religions the most impressive is Communism, for that is a religion. If the pseudo-deity it has enthroned happens to be nothing more concrete than a sound and deeply human ethical impulse—the demand of justice which lives on in man's heart—there is nevertheless every reason to believe that the creed has vitality and steadfastness. It may well be that between this vociferously godless faith and Christianity there is more common ground than lay between the doctrine of the Saviour and such philosophical cults as New Thought and Unitarianism. At all events, it is sufficiently obvious that henceforth the struggle for human souls will be fought out between this new and rebellious heresy and the Christian faith. And so it is not wholly accidental that during recent years the Church herself has witnessed a great flowering of heroic virtue among the poor and the untutored—Theresa Neumann, Matt Talbot, Margaret Sinclair.

Just as the literature of the gilded decade made capital of the vices, pleasures and quandaries of the prosperous, young and old, so is a steadily growing body of writing filled with those wide reaches of social emotion generated by the unrest of the time. In America we have, as yet, seen comparatively little of it. Some few revolutionary novels have been written in the United States, but (like the *American Spectator*) they belong to the age of the I. W. W. and the suffragettes rather than to the years in which we now live. Mr. Dreiser is not quite as out of date as Mr. Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel"; but in a few years more, the first will be unreadable while the second may, to some extent, be reread. But if we take some such representative instance as the German Georg Rendl's "Vor den Fenstern," it is possible to catch a glimpse of the human earth upon which millions are at this moment walking. There is something very new in this book—something at once terrible and yet sweet, echoing the going of man to his doom in the company of hope. In this book it is possible to see first the weight that lies upon the world, but second also the strength of the bearer. Christianity will not fail. It will be tried, its human exponents will sometimes be found wanting. But it will revive and remain.

Wherefore we shall not permit ourselves to be as pessimistic as appears to be the fashion. After all, there are good reasons for rewriting, in terms of our country and of the world, these lines from Mr. Chesterton's hard-fighting and still rather jovial weekly: "Despite the squalor and misery that is rampant in England, despite the danger of anarchy from men who are being driven into the ranks of Communism, despite the desperate case we are in with such 'leaders' as we have in this plight, we believe that England is still the best place to live in, for a thousand and one reasons which do not need to be told here. . . . Having observed with horror the attempts of politicians to make England a land fit for heroes to live in, we are less ambitious. We will rest content if we can make England a land fit for humans to live in. And in the words of the old song, 'We've got a long way to go!'" That is a brave note, but it is possibly the truly right one.

Fit for humans to live in! Well, it has at least become a world of men and women, mere men and women, once again. Gone are the strutters who were made up like supermen. Gone are the tricks by which wealth could be dressed into the semblance of a king. There is just one disturbing noise on earth just now—the rumble of the millions. They may do a great deal of damage. They will probably be badly mistaken, if they do not run amuck. They will say things in which there is not a grain of sense. But no one can deny to them the pleasure of speedy liberation from some recent false gods.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHURCH AND CRIME

By JOHN P. McCAFFREY

The question of the religious affiliations of criminals is frequently raised, and of course goes far to challenge the efficacy of religious education as now given. Father McCaffrey has long been deeply interested in the matter, as is natural in view of his work at Sing Sing. He believes that prisons reflect the population characteristics of the districts in which they are placed, but argues that racial, social and psychological considerations explain a great deal. The problem having thus been raised, THE COMMONWEAL *hopes to publish other papers on the same important topic.—The Editors.*

THE TREND of modern thought in criminology is to kick the props from under the old idea of responsibility. Darrow and his followers start their discussion of crime after rejecting completely all idea of responsibility as far as the law breaker is concerned. These various opponents of individual responsibility might briefly be classed in three groups:

First, there is the environmental determinist, who claims that surroundings acting on the human organism determine one's conduct. One is not free to act socially or anti-socially. The determinant is environment. Darrow holds this view.

The second group is also deterministic. These may be said to be biological determinists; the defenders of heredity. They are losing ground, being attacked by the behaviorists as well as by the old rock-ribbed conservatists.

The last class might be called the physical determinists, who hold that the seat of conduct is not so much heredity or environment but the condition of the whole organism. One is physically determined to act by the condition of his organs. Crime is a disease. Tear down prison walls and build hospitals is their creed and cry.

They are all enemies of personal responsibility. They will have nothing to do with responsibility as far as the individual offender is concerned. But when it comes to society, of course, society is responsible; when it comes to the home, the home is responsible; and when the school is mentioned, the school must bear its share of blame; and the Church (the poor old Church) surely it has failed.

They are willing to put the responsibility for crime anywhere and everywhere except on the shoulders of the men who break the laws, and that is where it justly belongs.

Here, I will try to get at the question of the Church's responsibility for offenders. One might dismiss the whole question by saying that the Church has no responsibility for offenders, but a fair investigation will bear fruit. Time and time again I am asked to explain how so many Catholic men are found in Sing Sing Prison. How do you account for the fact that so many Catholics find themselves in conflict with the law? One might dismiss this question by saying that these people are Catholics in name only; that they never went to church. But I will try to face the fact that they are Catholics, at least nominally.

The first statement of fact is this: the religious census of a prison follows the population of the area that feeds the prison. This has been demonstrated for different sections of the country. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck in "Five Hundred Criminal Cases" give us an interesting chart. This is for a group of offenders from the section of Massachusetts, divided as follows:

RELIGIONS OF REFORMATORY GROUP AND GENERAL POPULATION

Religion	*Reformatory Group*	*General Population*
Protestant	28.6	25.6
Catholic	66.3	66.4
Hebrew	3.9	6.7
Others	1.2	1.7

They sum up their chart saying, "It will be seen that the Protestant group contributed slightly more than its share; the Hebrew appreciably less, and in this group the Catholic prison population is slightly less than the general population."

It can be stated as the result of many such studies that the figures of the general population are reflected in the populations of the prisons. There are certain prisons where the Protestant inmates are in the majority. The answer to the question that naturally arises is not an indictment of any particular religious group, but rather a study of the population statistics of the area that is feeding the prison.

I went through the Missouri State Prison at Jefferson City a few years ago, and out of a total population of 3,800 or so there were about 500 Catholic inmates. The chaplain of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson told me that of the 5,000 inmates about 700 were Catholics.

Recently, I met a priest who six years ago had worked in the Tennessee mountains and had volunteered to attend to the Catholic inmates of the Brushy Mountain Penitentiary at Petros, Tennessee. The warden sent him word that at that time they had no Catholic prisoners.

The reason for this is that the region that feeds these prisons contains a small Catholic population. An investigation of the population in the prisons and reformatories of Massachusetts disclosed the fact that the prison population followed the general population of the state as to religious statistics. The New York area, the region that feeds the prison at Sing Sing, con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tains more Catholics than members of any other religious group, and for this reason, at least, the proportion of Catholics is naturally high.

A year ago I took a religious census of the men at Sing Sing Prison and from that census I found that slightly over 40 percent were given as Catholics. This year the figures were higher, about 50 percent. This is high, too high. These are facts, and one cannot deny facts. Perhaps this high incidence of Catholics can be explained.

MEN OF DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS RECEIVED DURING FISCAL YEAR JULY 1, 1931, TO JUNE 30, 1932, AT SING SING PRISON

Catholics	855
Protestants	518
Hebrews	177
Christian Scientists	20
Buddhists	1
Mohammedans	2
No Religion	8

One can say as a general thing that most of the men in prison gave up the active practice of their faith before they faced the judge for sentence. Some of the judges in the New York area and Westchester County are of the opinion that 90 percent of the men who faced them had stopped going to church. A good Catholic practising his religion rarely comes into conflict with the law on a major issue. The same is true of a churchgoing Protestant, and of a devout Jew who is practising his faith. The indictment is not so much against the Church as it is against the men who have cut themselves off from the influence of their church. Most men in prison are there not because of the religious influence of their faith, but in spite of it. It is not the Church that has failed, but the man who did the crime.

But in all fairness there are some questions that are pertinent to this discussion. The whole racial background of the offender must be understood. Some people are addicted to the use of a knife and pistol and they do not look upon these tools of crime as the law does. These people are the type who settle their differences by direct action. They do not appeal to the law to protect their rights. A great many of these people are Catholics, nominally so, and they swell the ranks of our population.

Again, a great many Catholics are poor and live in the slums of the big city. These slums are the social cancer spots. All the unfavorable factors of environment are found there. These present so much temptation to the people who live there. Again, 70 percent of the men in Sing Sing are here because of crimes against property, stealing in its various forms. The fact that so many of our people are poor and live in the unfavorable environment of bad neighborhoods presents the economic background of their offenses.

Then, again, there is lack of true knowledge of the Faith. Many of them have little appreciation of their religion. It may not be actually their fault, but it is an unfortunate fact.

One of the matters most misunderstood is the Church's teaching on the sacrament of Penance. A great many miss the Church's teaching completely. The thing that they think is essential is the telling of their sins. A young Jewish lawyer once startled me by saying that one reason why the Catholics got into prison was because they thought that all they had to do was to tell their sins to a priest and that ended it. A great many of our poorly instructed people forget that an essential part of the sacrament of Penance is sorrow for sins: the sorrow that grips a man's emotions and is rooted in an intellectual appreciation of his sins and a firm purpose of amendment that moves and fixes his will to avoid sin and its occasions in the future.

I think that this religious ignorance must be taken into account when one tries to explain any high incidence of Catholics that is found.

A last word is this explanation which was given me by a good old priest whom I consulted several years ago on this question. He said: "The devil tempts them more." There is no question that a Catholic has more temptations because of the strict moral code that his church holds him to, and especially in our complicated social structure where his economic conditions throw him into conflict with the laws protecting property. I think that there is a lot more in the words of the old priest than will appear at a skimming glance.

Saint Luke (xv, 1-10) says: "The publicans and the sinners drew near unto Him to hear Him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured saying: This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." They complained that Christ received the publicans and sinners. The Master told them the beautiful parable of the lost sheep, and the words of the shepherd: "Rejoice with me because I have found my sheep that was lost." "So I say to you, there shall be joy before the angels of God over one sinner doing penance."

And again in Saint Luke's Gospel (xviii, 8-14) He tells the story of the Pharisee and the publican, a story that has tremendous force against those who sneer at the Church because she has her share of publicans and sinners.

To some who trusted in themselves as just and despised others, Jesus spoke this parable: "Two men went up into the temple to pray: the one a Pharisee and the other a publican. The Pharisee standing, prayed thus with himself: Oh God, I thank Thee that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, as even is this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not so much as lift his eyes toward heaven; but struck his breast, saying: Oh God, be merciful to me a sinner. I say to you this man went down to his home justified rather than the other."

The fact is we have perhaps a few more publicans and sinners, but as for the Pharisees, well, that is another matter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BABY RACKET

By KATHARINE DARST

OUR FIRST baby was born de luxe. We didn't intend that it should be; we didn't want any of the trappings that signify the advent of a baby with a gold spoon in its mouth. All we wanted was to do the thing nicely. But our first child was born in the days of our late prosperity, and like thousands of our contemporaries we fell victims of one of the sweetest rackets which those ample days provided, namely, the boom-time baby racket.

The gouging began with our old family doctor. He examined me first, then told us that he had become a specialist in "internal medicine." Whatever that is, it seemed that it did not include babies. So we paid him a fee of $10.00. What we got for the money was the name of a maternity hospital, which we might have found in the city directory or telephone book. There we were to ask for an obstetrician.

Feeling like a pair of imbeciles trying to pass for cretins, my husband and I listened while the young woman at the hospital explained that she could not recommend any one physician, but if we would tell her what we could afford to pay, she would give us a list of the doctors on the staff who were within our means.

"We want to pay just as little as possible," I said.

"But we want someone good," my husband added.

So the cool young woman gave us a slip of paper on which she had written three names. "These are our younger doctors," she said. "Any of these will deliver a child for $350. That is the minimum fee." She said it in such a way that $350 sounded like a paltry amount. We felt as though we had asked for charity.

One of the men on the list had been mentioned to me before. A woman I knew slightly had spoken highly of him, so we did not need to draw straws.

In the doctor's consultation room, fortified by my husband, I explained that we wanted children, that we wanted a whole lot of children, but that we must know at the outset just how much they were going to cost. It seemed that 1928 was not the year for bargains.

The doctor suggested that he would engage my hospital room for me. I had asked for a cheap room, for that seemed the least important item. My confinement was six months off, but when I went to the doctor two weeks later, he said he had not been able to get me one of the less expensive rooms. They had all been taken. The very best he had been able to do was $12.00 a day. If I thought that was too much, there was a little place on the outskirts of the city. No, $12.00 a day would do. It would have to be all right, because the other hospital was too far away. I was to be in the hospital three weeks. All of his patients were, my doctor explained. So mentally I added $252 to the cost of my baby.

He told me I should have a nurse. "I always feel easier when my patients are in the hands of a night nurse for the first forty-eight hours anyway, and a day nurse for the first two weeks," was the way he put it. The man looked so serious that my husband added, "By all means, we must have that," before I could say anything. And $128 more appeared in my mental column.

The use of the delivery room was to be $25.00 and, of course, there must be another $25.00 for the man who would administer the anaesthetic.

Well, the sum did not represent an unbearable burden. Fortunately, my husband was in the moving-picture business, and though his salary was not picturesque, it was generous. But our furniture, according to the fashion of the time, was only partly paid for, and rents were high, and we had had a long honeymoon trip, so we cut down on taxicabs and theatres. My husband went without liquor, and I did without a maid.

We were convinced that there was no item on the doctor's list that we could safely and conveniently have omitted. It was more than we had expected to pay but, as we could manage, it did not seem to be the time to be penurious.

The doctor was younger than we would have chosen, and a bit foppish in his dress, but an older man would have been entirely beyond our means.

And so we accepted the situation and waited through a chain of endless eternities until finally the baby was due.

I knew nothing about hospitals. But I felt that my doctor was right when he pointed out to me that for $350 he could not afford to neglect his regular practice and sit with me throughout my labor. I was determined not to be unreasonable. After nine hours of misery, during which he appeared at intervals, he gave me a shot of scopolamin, and left me to contemplate the fate that I shared with the majority of my sex. My doctor went back to his budding practice, and when I was wheeled into the delivery room the house physician, assisted by a corps of internes and nurses, had to work frantically to prevent the birth of my child while the man who was being paid to deliver me hurried from his office twenty-eight blocks away. And I'm sure he did hurry, because there is an ancient custom of not paying doctors who are not present when babies are born.

The baby was a boy, a joy which automatically added an extra $50.00 to the doctor's fee—for circumcision.

The nurse proved to be an able garrulous soul, who, a little time in her company revealed, had witnessed more than her share of abnormalities. These she shared with me during my convalescence.

Midwinter did not make my $12.00 room a cheerful place, as the hospital was an old one in a congested district of the city. In a burst of generosity my hus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

band ordered me moved. Protesting weakly, I was wheeled by smirking hospital attachés to a brighter room, while others, equally pleasant no doubt, added $3.00 a day to my hospital bill.

In turn awed, miserable, embarrassed, uncomfortable and bored, somehow my three weeks passed in the suffocating bower of scented flowers, recuperating on the gory details of my attendant's past cases, and on food which could scarcely have been as wholesome as it was unpalatable.

Then the baby and I went home.

Ours was a home some $900 poorer. Which figure, of course, does not include the baby's layette, nor the nursery furniture. Nor does it include the fees of the pediatrician to whom the obstetrician turned over the infant at the end of the second week (as soon as he had been circumcized).

But we still felt that we had not been unnecessarily extravagant. For instance, I had vetoed the doctor's suggestion that we keep a nurse for my last week in the hospital and "for a little bit at home while getting adjusted." We had not even been tempted by the rooms with bath which yielded the hospital a tidy $35.00 a day. Nor did anyone around the hospital seem to feel that we were spending any untoward sums of money. What the baby was costing us, my husband and I mentioned only when alone, and then a bit shamefacedly. But for the first baby no price seems too high. At least no price seems high at the time.

Less than two years later we were again riding the subways and my husband again went on the wagon, for we were expecting another baby, and we knew that meant another $900.

The second child more than absorbed the increases in salary which the two years' interval had yielded. Because this time we were obliged to move to larger quarters, and though I did without a regular maid again, I found some household help a necessity. However, the baby, a little girl, cost us no more than we had anticipated. I had the same doctor, and went to the same hospital, for it is a fact well known by women and obstetricians that unless a doctor proves himself totally inadequate, his patients almost always come back to him for subsequent babies rather than take a chance on someone new.

In the late summer of 1929, a third baby seemed like a very good idea. There was, apparently no reason why we should make any change in our way of having our children. They cost us a high price as an original investment, but simple living made the upkeep comparatively cheap. So my husband and I found a few little comforts we could deny ourselves along with the liquor and taxis which we scarcely missed any more, and engaged the usual hospital accommodations, through the same obstetrician.

Then the market blew up, and talking pictures made deep inroads into my husband's business, so that we seriously considered making a change at the eleventh hour, because it was the eleventh hour before the real necessity for economy became a certainty. However, if we threw over this doctor and hospital, we were not prepared with a substitute, and we had heard lurid tales of such economies which only led to complications and even greater expense. We decided to go through with our original plans.

But the doctor tricked us. Disregarding the experience I had furnished him in the practice of his profession, and the fact that he had made us a price, he boosted his bill for our second son $200. This in the face of universal economic reversal. And he had the nerve to tell me that his services were worth more because he knew more than when we first engaged him.

I knew for a certainty that this man believed I was through having babies, and that he was gouging the customer who would never come back anyhow. Shrewd reasoning, but he did not delve far enough. He did not know, for instance that we belonged to that quaint group of people who go on having babies even in the face of financial upheaval, because they do not believe in birth control. He did not realize that nearly his entire practice must be recruited from such women, if he was to have a practice during that period. But if I was to pay eventually for my doctor's obstetrical training, I was determined not to endow him with $350 fees while also serving as a text-book.

With more point than was immediately apparent, I told all my women friends just what had happened. Every woman, of course, is the unpaid publicity agent for some doctor. They are only waiting for such a chance to ballyhoo their favorite. So I heard all about a great many men, their methods and their prices.

I learned of a fashionable doctor, a man of wide experience, who would deliver a baby for $150, and wanted the world and his wife to know it. "Merely a fraction of his old fee," I was told. But I was dealing in fractions too, and mine were of a smaller denomination than the eminent man's.

These were not idle calculations. I was to have a 1932 baby.

The thought of a nurse, I dismissed at the start. But that did not bring the cost of a baby within our means. With real unhappiness I arrived at the decision to scratch off the private room and the personal physician, for I had heard, quite by accident, that Cardinal Mundelein, in whose archdiocese we happen to live, had taken a very practical means of helping people like us. Through his coöperation a new hospital had been established, where a letter from my pastor and $50.00 would cover everything. To go to this hospital meant that I must go through its clinic, and eventually into a ward. To call these things distasteful is the epitome of understatement. The thought was loathsome. And if my husband had not felt even worse than I about it, I don't think I should have survived my first visit to the Lewis Memorial Maternity Hospital. But I felt for his sake I must be a good sport, and somehow while cheering him, I began to realize that the things I said were really true.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For in reality the clinic wasn't so unpleasant. With my eyes plastered on my magazine, I could not hold my ears against the amiable chatter of the women around me. Their voices were not disagreeable, and their English of the average high school caliber. The subject of their talk was, of course, babies. Discarding my magazine, I looked them over. Certainly they were as well dressed as I. They looked nothing like those poor creatures I used to see when as a newspaper reporter I visited the wards of our city hospital. These women were, I learned later, last year's salesgirls, stenographers and debutantes even. In fact, a conglomeration of girls whose young husbands were not able to earn more than $5,000 in those bad 365 days that are doomed to go down in history as 1931.

I paid the nurse $5.00, and she gave me a card with a receipt, and spaces for nine more such recognitions of payment. This was to be a $5.00 a month baby, with all obligations met before delivery. Even in our reduced circumstances we would not find it necessary to scrimp for this one like we had for the others.

I was given a physical examination which for completeness would shame my old doctor. There was no impertinent prying into our unhappy finances. The questions were all asked by the doctor, and all related to my person. He was interested, and he was impersonal, a perfect combination.

When I entered the hospital I found everyone that way—impersonal and interested. I had expected to be treated condescendingly. Instead I found myself in the hands of a group of young men and women who had grasped this chance to get experience in large doses, and they were making the most of all opportunities. The men who took charge of me during my early labor were not internes, as during my previous confinements. They were young doctors who had served their internship and probably had witnessed more deliveries than my former doctor will see until he is hoary haired. Because learning at $350 a lesson is of necessity a slow education, and limited.

When the nurse had prepared me, and made me comfortable, the doctor gave me a shot of morphine. But he did not go to his room on the top floor, nor did he have a practice in the distance. He stayed outside the door. I could hear his voice occasionally. Then he would come in. Then the nurse, then the doctor again, until I was wheeled into the delivery room, where the second stage of labor was blotted out under the ether cone.

The easiest labor I have ever had, produced a girl. Had she been a boy, our bargain baby would have cost only an additional $10.00 for circumscision. But there were no extras this time.

When I woke, I found that I had two roommates only. The wards were not great bleak expanses of white beds, as I had anticipated. The two girls with whom I spent my convalesence were not able to regale me with such harrowing stories as I have found to be the special delight of private nurses, but they had their points. One was the niece of the supervisor of nurses, a very attractive person. The other, a German violinist's wife, gave me a precious recipe for apple strudel.

Which brings me to the meals. They were simple, extremely so, but seasoned with genuine feeling, and in some uncanny way, they were always piping hot, or cold in the right places.

The visiting hours were well chosen. I saw my family and relatives at certain times of the day which, it turned out, were convenient to them. Resting leisurely, I could not regret the absence of a private room, for such luxury had in the past been the means of guests barging in at any hour, and staying interminably, while I made conversation to the breaking point.

After ten days of complete rest, I went home, stronger than I formerly had been at the end of three weeks.

The bargain baby proved as ornamental in our nursery as any of our better born children. In fact, she proved such a success, that she brought us to a full realization of what fools we had been. The care and comfort of both the baby and myself had been just as good when we paid $50.00, as it had been when the cost rose to almost $1,000. We had formerly paid $950 solely for the sake of being grand, and not so spectacularly grand at that.

Instead of feeling ashamed of our economy, as I had expected, I find myself rather snooty over having secured the best depression value I have heard of. I have joined the circle of women who go around crowing about their doctors, but the others seem to have quit boosting their old favorites and are strangely silent. The only thing I am ashamed of, is the fact that not once, but three times I was gipped.

When 1934 and better times roll around, I suppose I will need an obstetrician. In that case, I certainly shall want my new doctor. By then, he probably will have entered private practice. He will soon find out that the hand that severs the umbilical cord has cut the purse string a bit short, and the patient is not going to let it recur. For this generation, at least, financial distress has lifted the lid from the baby racket.

Outlander

Though he should love the placid fields and fountains
Of lowland countries where no canyon is,
Can one whom mountains bred, forget the mountains?
Their mark is on him and their ways are his.
Nor cities of his choice can ever mold him
Wholly, where all the day he sells and buys.
They know him for a stranger, who behold him—
As one who once has lifted up his eyes.

So I, who walk with no bleak hell below me
To shun, nor heaven inhabited to reach,
Among the creedless folk I love—they know me
By look, by turn of mind, by twist of speech.
They know me alien and far from home,
Who recollect the ivory hills of Rome.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOATS AND OTHER PROBLEMS

By T. O'R. BOYLE

THIS article, written at the request of the editor of THE COMMONWEAL, finds its place in a series dealing with the efforts that are being made by Catholic bodies to better the economic and religious conditions of the farmers of the United States and elsewhere. In it will be told, more briefly than the writer would desire, because he must omit a wealth of dramatic incidents, the story of what has been done, and what is expected to be done, for the farmers and fishermen of the Diocese of Antigonish in Nova Scotia.

First, a word about the people and the economic geography of Nova Scotia and of the Maritime Provinces of Canada in general. The population of Nova Scotia is about 500,000, that of the other two provinces, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, brings the total of the Maritimes to about 1,000,000 souls. In the Diocese of Antigonish, where the movement began and where it has reached its highest development, the people are mainly of Highland Scottish origin, but there are several Acadian and Irish settlements. The Catholics of Antigonish are about 50 percent of the whole population, and the same is true of the Maritimes as a whole.

Farming is the largest industry, and fishing comes next in importance. About 40,000 fishermen and their families depend upon the deep-sea fisheries for their living. The Maritime Provinces are rich in coal and forests; mining and lumbering are well developed. In former days shipping and ship-building were major pursuits. Nova Scotian ships sailed the seven seas and the famous clippers of Lunenburg were among the fastest boats afloat. Steel and trade restrictions have killed this industry, except for smaller, though still well-known, craft. Other industries, except for two large plants for the manufacture of heavy steel, are not important.

The Antigonish social planning has, up to the present, been concerned only with the farmers and the fishermen. The needs of the wage-earners are not so acute—except during the present period of stagnation. The largest body of workers, the coal-miners, are strongly organized, and have been during all the period when unions were powerful.

Farming in Nova Scotia has problems peculiar to itself. Small farms owned by the occupant and raising general food products and stock are the rule, except in the Annapolis Valley where they specialize in apple growing. The central farming problem in Nova Scotia is that not enough foodstuffs are grown to satisfy the local market. Consequently the problem of overproduction or, rather, of glutted markets, which faces many other sections of America, does not exist there. The reasons why the towns and cities have to import so much from outside the Maritimes are, principally, the exodus of farmers to the larger centers, backward methods of farming, and, what is perhaps the greatest shortcoming, the lack on the part of the farmers of any marketing organization.

The fisheries of eastern Canada are immensely rich but the plight of the fisherman, there as everywhere, has been a sorry one. Poverty and a hard life seem to have been the lot of the fisher-folk on every coast from the days of the Apostles to our day. In a Paris newspaper last summer there was an account of conditions among the fishermen of Bordeaux that might have been lifted bodily from the columns of the Canso (Nova Scotia) *Breeze*. Fishing is dangerous work and uncertain in its results; but this uncertainty and danger do not cause the economic misery of the fisherman. It is man-made. The problems of the fisherman are similar to those of the farmer, for, whether they take their products from the fields or from the sea, both are "small producers" unable by working as individuals to prepare their products in the best condition for marketing, or to get into direct contact with the consumer. The gap is filled by exploiters who buy from the producer at the lowest price and sell to the consumer at the highest. Fish that brings at the wharf $.01 per pound is sold to a consumer not one hundred miles away at $.22 a pound. On the other hand, what the fisherman buys costs him so much that he and his family are often without the necessaries of life.

These were the economic problems that faced the priests who, in 1917, formed an association which they called the Rural Conference of the Clergy of Antigonish Diocese. The religious problem that they had to deal with was intimately bound up with the economic difficulties. Pius XI tells us in his encyclical on "The Reconstruction of Society" that poverty keeps men from paying attention to their eternal salvation and that decent prosperity is no mean aid to virtue. The ideal is that of the prophet who asked God to give him neither riches nor poverty, but only what was necessary for his sustenance. Further, the increasing number of vacant farms in Nova Scotia meant that there was insistent need of doing something to keep the Catholic population in an environment where their faith is safe.

The history of the Rural Conference of Antigonish during the past fourteen years is one of continued success. It has met once every year, and the usual attendance has ranged from fifty to one hundred priests and lay leaders. It has brought into existence and guides all the work that is being done in the field, in so far as major policies are concerned.

Behind every movement is one personality of great driving force which soon attracts to himself others which become his necessary complement. The Anti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gonish Conference found its initiation and inspiration in one such man. It owes its success to the leadership of Father J. J. Tompkins, LL.D., who, in the first years of the crusade, was vice-president of the diocesan university. Associated with him was Father Hugh Macpherson who had long been active in the cause of the farmers. Other lieutenants appeared when needed. Of course the work of these men would have come to naught if there had not been in the diocese a group of country pastors who were intensely rural minded and eager to help their people.

The keynotes of the whole movement have been education and organization. First the education of those who were willing to lead and direct; then the education and organization of the people. "Let us supply that vision without which the people will perish," seems to have been the motto. The first work that was accomplished, therefore, was to bring to the knowledge of the future leaders, clerical and lay, the best contemporary thought on social, rural-economic and adult-educational questions. This it did by papers and discussions at its annual three day meetings and by private study by the members throughout the year. Important single questions were dealt with each year. Last summer, for example, the subject studied was rural credits and, as in other years, a recognized authority on the subject was invited to attend the meetings. During this conference, the organizer of the Credit Union movement in the United States was present and led several of the discussions. With these specialists there often come government officials, for it has always been the policy to make full use of all governmental agencies.

The next step was to bring to the people the knowledge so gained. The first method adopted, a successful one for several years, was that of the People's Schools, modeled after the Danish Folk Schools. Groups of men, numbering from eighty to one hundred, came to Antigonish for an intensive six weeks' course of instruction in cultural and technical subjects. The teaching was done by the professors of St. Francis Xavier University and by men prominent in social work in Europe or America, who came for the duration of the course. After 1923 it was thought that work with a wider influence could be done by selecting boys and young men from the farming communities and enabling them to attend an annual short course of three months at the Provincial College of Agriculture. A fund was raised by collections in the parishes, including those in industrial districts, and during the next seven years about twenty-five boys annually received bursaries and have become apostles in their various communities for a happier, better rural life. During these years there went on in the country parishes of the diocese a great amount of work under the direction of the parish priests and others, and a general awakening could be sensed throughout the country; for organization was following education.

However, all efforts so far had been of a local nature and the need of a diocesan organization, other than the annual conference, that would coördinate and direct local effort was becoming more and more apparent. The Rural Conference looked to the university to fill this need and insistently demanded some action on the part of that institution. Lack of funds was the principal stumbling block, but when the Scottish Catholic Society came forward with an offer of assistance the university in 1929 set up an Extension Department which would serve as a headquarters and carry on the field work under men who would devote all their time to it. The Reverend Father M. M. Coady, D.D., who had distinguished himself in social and educational work throughout the province, was appointed head of the department. With him was associated Mr. A. B. Macdonald, who is a graduate both in arts and in scientific agriculture. His services are invaluable to the cause both because of his technical knowledge and the executive experience he gained while doing educational and agricultural work for the government.

What has the Extension Department done and what does it propose to do? It is impossible to go fully into details here, but detailed information may be obtained on application to the department.

To the observer its work seems to be of two kinds. The first is one of long span: that of building solid foundations on which can be reared a better social structure; the second is for immediate results. Typical of the first is the change they are effecting in the mental outlook of the 1,800 members of their 173 study clubs and in the attitude of the people whom they are constantly gathering together in general meetings. To the study clubs they supply books from their circulating library, clippings from papers and periodicals, mimeographed matter, and lecturers. Besides this and other foundational work they are ever on the lookout for problems that offer immediate results. In 1931, through their study clubs, their coöperative groups (one of their great aims) and through other farmers' organizations, they bought 3,000 tons of fertilizer and saved the farmers $20,000. In the same year they brought a shipload of flour and feed from the Great Lakes into a market where the price of flour was in no wise a reflection of the lowered price of wheat; the prices of the local dealers tumbled 50 percent. Spectacular, yes, but for that very reason very useful. The farmers themselves had first to be converted from impossibilism, and speeches and books cannot compete with this as a method of driving home the value of study and organization. And not the least result is a rebirth of hope.

Large or small, anything that helps is done. It was a big undertaking to organize a Producers' Coöperative Society that could build, manage and keep stocked its own warehouses in the industrial centers. A work that is already benefiting the farmer and will ultimately benefit the consumer. It was a small thing to help the little fishing village, Dover. Like its English name-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sake, Dover has cliffs and rocks, but it has no grassy pastures, and therefore, no milk for the youngsters. Nor can the people afford to import it. To solve this problem the Extension Department sent across the continent to British Columbia and imported fifteen pure-bred goats. Now the village has a regular milk supply, delivered in the true Neapolitan style.

So much for the work among the farmers.

What has been accomplished for the fishermen is a remarkable example of what a people can accomplish through education and organization. In the Maritime Provinces there has been started a peaceful revolution from below which is gradually lifting the thousands who depend on the fisheries for their livelihood to a position of decency and self-respect. It was a fortunate event for the people of Canso and the vicinity—and indeed for all who live along the coast—when Father Tompkins was appointed their pastor. It is not too much to say that the majority of the people who attend the three churches that he serves were then among the disinherited of this earth. Canso is a typical fishing community, and in and around it were to be found, in a high degree, all the ills that attend the fisherman. It was completely dominated by a large corporation that bought their fish at any price it cared to set. The people of the villages were helpless and hopeless.

By a continuous propaganda of education which was carried on by Sunday talks, by a steady stream of lecturers, by supplying much reading matter which passed from hand to hand (and which was eagerly read and discussed although many had to have it read to them), and by organizing a local union, their new pastor awoke in the minds of his flock—and in the minds of many who were not Catholics—a knowledge of the value of organization, a realization of the fact that it was not God's will that they should be continually in debt, that their families should be half starved and their children lack schooling. From that moment, the exploiter and his protector, the politician, were doomed. The fishermen suddenly became articulate. Their voices began to be heard throughout the country, not always with grammatical excellence, but always with force. Their letters appeared in the press. Their demands on their political representatives became sharp and were filled with a new independence. They ceased to beg a job on the roads or on the construction of wharves and breakwaters and began to demand social justice—and they knew what they wanted.

And their demands were listened to. Such a startling reversal of form had a quick effect and the federal government in 1927 appointed a Royal Commission to investigate their claims. Naturally the exploiters were not idle. They employed the best brains they could get to present their case to the Commission and to the public. (It is sad to reflect that those agents were educated in institutions which grew from the pennies of the people whose efforts for justice they strove to thwart.) But the fishermen had learned, as had their new leaders, and they opposed propaganda with factual evidence to such effect that the decisions and recommendations of the Commission were very much in their favor. Among these decisions is an interesting one adverse to beam trawlers which were introducing mass production into the industry.

Among the recommendations of the Royal Commission was one that urged the founding among the fishermen of coöperative societies through which they could market their produce and buy their fishing tackle. It was decided to implement this proposal, and Father Coady was chosen by the government for the task of organizing the societies. It is a tribute to the value of the social movement carried on by the Antigonish Conference that a priest should be chosen for this task by the government and should be acceptable to the fishermen, a majority of whom are not Catholics. It was a tremendous undertaking, but Father Coady, an original thinker and a forceful and persuasive speaker, was well fitted for it. He spent nearly a year holding meetings in every cove and harbor on the coast of the three provinces, and his work of organization was crowned with success when a crowded convention met at Halifax in 1929 to elect officers and adopt a constitution for the United Maritime Fishermen.

It is sure from the work already done by the union that there is clearer weather ahead for the fisherman. On January 23 of this year the press carried a report of a meeting of the directors from which was sent a committee to the government with a clear-cut and progressive program of legislation concerning needed changes and additions to the fisheries regulations. But the efforts of the Fishermen's Union is not confined to seeking government aid. Indeed the connection of the government with them ended with their organization. But the Antigonish Extension Department is actively interested and is rendering much the same service to the fishermens' groups as it does to the farmers'. Several lobster factories, built and owned coöperatively, last year brought to their owners a price double that received where the privately owned factories still did business. Another coöperative enterprise, that of shipping their own live lobsters to the city markets increased the returns by 300 percent. The work will gradually spread to include the general fish catch of salmon, cod, etc. In the meantime the fishermen in some instances have, by means analagous to those employed by the industrial unionists, obtained better prices from the fish corporations.

A most important activity of the Rural Conference in building up Catholic rural life in the diocese is that of advising and assisting the Federal and Provincial Immigration Departments in their colonization and settlement work. There is plenty of room in the Maritimes for those newcomers, and settlement work is rendered easier by the number of vacant farms available, but the work is one that requires patience, tact and much assistance. At present the plan is to settle about two hundred overseas families each year in the Mari-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times. The Conference will see that a full quota of Catholic families arrive and that their first and difficult years are made smooth.

What can be learned from the Antigonish experiment? The problems of the Nova Scotia farmer are not the problems of the farmer in Ontario or in Wisconsin, and fishery problems are peculiar to those who live near the sea. But this much of general application may be learned: that in Catholic social effort the first requirements on the part of our leaders are study and confident good-will; that the basis of the work must be education, especially in the social doctrines that are evolved from the eternal truths of the Gospel; that the facts in each community must be studied on the spot and then put before the people; that the remedies, which can be found by native ingenuity and by finding out what is being done elsewhere, can best be applied by organizing the people into groups for mutual help.

Much of what has ben done in Nova Scotia, especially in coöperative buying and selling, has been done before with but indifferent success. But there is this difference: greater emphasis is there being laid on education with the object of stabilizing society than on organization for immediate gain. Greed is not the witch in the Antigonish movement. A fair price for their produce is their immediate and legitimate aim, but is not the ultimate ideal. A public that learns and thinks is being formed where before was a people who were taught what to think—and their teachers were not disinterested.

Financing the movement was never a difficulty. When the value of the work being done was understood—and it spoke for itself—the necessary funds were promptly forthcoming. Like all good works, God in His providence is taking care of it.

Because charity knows no bounds, the aid offered is not restricted to Catholics. It was offered on equal terms to Protestants, and many of them have accepted it and are enthusiastic in their appreciation of the help they receive from this one source.

The fundamental philosophy of the Antigonish movement is expressed in the following excerpt from a recent article written by the director of the St. Francis Xavier Extension Department:

> Education is the release and guidance of human energy. Education is an orientation of mind which enables man to see and embrace his opportunities. These are my fundamental concepts and they apply particularly to adult education. The first approach is on the economic side for the simple reason that common people (and for that matter all of us) are interested in economic and material things. Here we can demonstrate the results of straight thinking. People solve their problems by thinking about them and by getting information about them, and suddenly they realize that it pays to think.
>
> In any case, the great problems of the day are in the economic field. It might be true to say that the great religious problems are also in this field. There was a time when we put our emphasis on political reform and made liberty the goal of all our thinking. Today it is the establishment of a right economic structure for the world that is engaging the thoughts of men. Consequently we should turn our attention to this field. We must realize that now, as never before, man's salvation is to be found in group activity and economic coöperation. This is an interdependent world, as the Great War and the still greater cataclysm that has overtaken us have made plain. What is true of the international field is equally true of the relations between the smaller communities of the nation. Adult education has this for its field. The long wait for rising generations to learn these things, and then perhaps to find themselves out of date in a still more radically changing world in their maturity, does not offer a sufficiently quick remedy for our problems of today.
>
> The short cut across to the solution of the problems that are now confronting us is in the adult field of education. Anybody who thinks that adult education is just filling in the odds and ends of the deficiencies of a people's education does not understand what it means.

INDIAN BLOOD

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

AS FAR back as I can remember, it seems to have been a matter of common knowledge that certain families of long standing in this vicinity inherited Indian blood. In every instance this inheritance must have been very slight, for these families had intermarried generation after generation with other families. The real full-blooded Indians seem to have disappeared here earlier than almost anywhere else in the country, probably because this was one of the first settlements of white men. In spite of the exceedingly small proportion of Indian possessed by them, the men who I was told were part Indian, showed the red man's characteristics clear cut and unmistakable. We could easily recognize their tracks in the snow, for each footprint pointed straight ahead, one right in front of another, and they always preferred to walk in Indian file, either in the woods or along the country roads or on the village street. The typical Indian profile with high cheek bones and straight dark hair appeared to be astonishingly persistent, when in all probability more than nine-tenths of their family inheritance could be traced back to England. As a rule they were of more erect and graceful carriage than the average farmer, owing probably to the fact that work was not their one and only object in life.

The ideal of the New England farmer—thrift and unending toil combined—they lacked. Skilled workmen though most of them were, and capable of earning good wages, they were inclined to spend their money as fast as they got it, and then go without. One

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and all of them expressed contempt for the persistent saving, the small economies, so characteristic of many well-to-do families at that time.

Possessed of keen wit and a gift for story-telling, such as I have never heard the native red man credited with, and which differed in a manner which I cannot quite define from the dry wit of the typical Yankee farmer, they were generally well liked either as neighbors or hired men. At least one descendant of theirs has developed this gift to the extent of writing for publication both poetry and prose which the best critics class as high as anything produced in this country. Another whom I greatly admired as the keenest hunter of wild game in this or any of the surrounding towns, was also given to turning out original poems. These, so far as I know, have never been written down on paper, but were quoted and requoted by the boys of my school days, but always out of hearing of the teacher or our parents. I speak of it as poetry, for poetry it really is, if I am any judge in such matters, and some of it may eventually find its way into print, if the tendency away from the Victorian standard of what is morally printable continues its downward course. In defiance of my own puritanical inheritance and careful upbringing it persists in recurring to me in memory, and I have been vainly endeavoring to recall a line or two which would possibly bear quoting here, but not one of them will do. Chaucer's poems seem prudish by comparison.

This man—whom I will call Joe Bill—was also a skilled musician with the violin and other musical instruments and could play by ear and with full expression, any piece which he had once heard. For a time he held a good position in the Symphony Orchestra in Boston, but was forced to give it up on account of his weakness for strong drink. This weakness, typical of all the men of his family for generations back, can undoubtedly be traced to his Indian ancestry, since intoxication followed after a potion which the average farmer could take without noticeable results. It was he who, when reproached for being drunk, replied, "Look at me. I ain't drunk. A man ain't drunk so long as he can lie down on the ground without holding on."

As a hunter he also exhibited the red man's well-known traits. Almost anyone who has spent much time alone in the woods soon learns to find his way about without much noise of rustling leaf or broken twigs, but of all the woodsmen whom I have known, not one could thread his way so silently as Joe Bill could. On a perfect September hunting morning, windless and clear, I was out after partridges and rabbits, and catching sight of him crossing an opening between swamp and upland, made my way in that direction and followed close at his heels, probably a good deal to his annoyance. Presently his collie flushed a cock partridge which flew straight up into the thick top of a tall pine, and then fell to his unerring aim. He already had two partridges and a wood duck in his game bag, while I had nothing to show. After that he headed straight east in the direction of my home and I still followed close at his heels. Another partridge flew up without giving either of us a chance for a shot, flying low toward the northwest. Hearing it alight on the dead leaves I remarked that it had not gone far and could easily be flushed again, to which he answered that it had gone two hundred yards into the swamp, and continued his course due east until we came out at the edge of the open field in sight of my house. When I turned to ask him if he was not going to try for that last partridge, he had vanished, and though he was not three steps away two seconds before, I listened in vain for the faintest rustle or sound of footsteps anywhere. As I crossed the field and had almost reached my own yard, I heard the report of his gun from the very direction the partridge had taken and knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that he had added another to his bag for that day.

Every one of the men of this class were hunters of wild game, and to be rated as sportsmen rather than pot hunters; led to the woods by their love of nature and solitude. To one of them—a lifelong fox hunter—I am indebted for some most valuable knowledge concerning the ways of foxes. He could tell at a glance whether footprints in the snow had been made by a he fox or a vixen, and when the winter months were merging into spring he would call his hounds back whenever they started to follow the tracks of a female. He was a practical farmer and raiser of poultry, but told me once that he would rather lose half his chickens than shoot a fox in the breeding season. He said that often when a fox was nearly tired out by the hounds, another would cross the trail just in front of them, purposely leading them off on a fresh trail in order to give the other fox a chance to rest.

The women of the families possessing Indian blood were as a rule much shorter and plumper than the men. Most, if not all, of them had a true love of nature, and were generally credited with a deep knowledge of our native medicinal herbs. One, who had been a friend and instructor of my mother in her girlhood, was a most enthusiastic student of botany and a lover of the forest trees. Her farm was almost entirely covered with tall pines and hemlocks which she refused to have cut beyond the limited amount required for her firewood, though her relatives—one of whom was a lumberman by trade—urged her to sell such standing timber as was deteriorating from old age. In my early studies of natural history I enjoyed, more than anything else in the world, tramping through her wide-spread woodlot, which came as near the ideal primeval wilderness as anything left in this part of the country. In her will she left these woods to her heirs on condition that not one tree should be felled for ninety-nine years from the time of her death; but, greatly to my own selfish disappointment, the heirs rather than go on paying taxes on the standing timber without revenue from it for that length of time, disputed the will by general

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreement, sold the standing timber, and divided up the proceeds.

The town of Old Hampton—as distinguished from its later offshoots, North and South Hampton and Hampton Falls—was early settled; its wide-spreading acres of salt marsh furnished summer pasturage, and salt hay for winter fodder, for the white man's cattle before clearings could be made in the tall timber. From those early days even down to the present, the inhabitants of Old Hampton, despite their practical, common-sense, matter-of-fact way of looking at things in general, have been more or less influenced by the spirits of the departed red men. A prominent townsman of the seventeenth century married the daughter of a family of strong Indian inheritance and built a large house of beautiful colonial design where they lived happily until the time of her death. A few years later he married again, the wedding ceremony taking place in the same house; and at the very moment when he slipped the ring on the finger of his bride, the shadow of his first wife arose through the floor, seized the ring and vanished downward before the frightened eyes of all assembled there. The ring was never seeen again, and subsequent ghostly manifestations, night after night, finally compelled the owner to rent the house and move away. But the Indian apparitions continued, so that no tenant was able to occupy the house for any length of time.

Various reasons for their quitting were given, some charging it directly on the ghosts. I think it was about twenty years ago, and not long before her death, that Medium Brown—at least so I was told—informed the present owner that the only practical way of getting rid of these ghostly manifestations would be to move the house itself, the reason for this being that the house was built over the graves of the Indian ancestors of the former owner's first wife. Her advice was taken, and at considerable expense the house was moved to its present location, and was, I believe, occupied by the same family for many years. Recently, however, I have seen no sign of life about the place whenever I pass that way, though both house and grounds are kept in perfect order. I have been told that the present owner does not live there. It may be that the ghosts still occupy it to the exclusion of more material tenants. I have not heard of any ghostly apparitions since it was moved, but it is still known as the haunted house.

Medium Brown herself claimed to have Indian blood in her veins and was proud of it. Her practice —which consisted in consulting the Indian spirits on questions brought to her by farmers, business men and doctors or selectmen of her own or neighboring towns —earned her a good living. I have heard more than one practical and successful business man admit that he was indebted to her on various occasions for advice on matters concerning which he had been puzzled to know exactly what to do. When I was six years old, one of my uncle's Jerseys was found lying with outstretched neck and distended eyes, breathing with the greatest difficulty. After trying in vain to relieve her or find out what was the matter, my uncle and my father hitched up the fastest horse and drove five miles to consult Medium Brown on the matter. I clearly recollect the excitement of it all and especially their return, when they hurriedly warmed a lump of tallow and thrust it down the patient's throat. And as the cow lay there, spasmodically swallowing and recovering her breath, they told us that on reaching Mrs. Brown's house, they had merely asked her to have a look over the barn and tell what was wrong there; to which she had replied, "Your old cow has a corn cob stuck in her throat. Give her a lump of tallow as big as a hen's egg and she will be all right." The cow got well.

This sort of thing, of course, may be explained by the theory of mind reading; that is to say, that she read the thoughts of her visitors, and used her own judgment as to cause and remedy. But I think the commonly accepted explanation, that she was aided by the spirits, is the simpler of the two.

My mother was constantly worried and distressed because of my habit of spending so large a part of my time alone in distant woods and swamps, and asked Medium Brown during one of her "trances" if I was safe at such times. She replied: "He's all right. There is a spirit of a young Indian brave goes with him everywhere."

This particular region was evidently a favorite of the native red men for ages long past, for their arrow and spear heads, tomahawks and stone hammers are found here in abundance, though of rare occurrence in all the surrounding towns. On my ancestral acres was a field known as "the rye lot," now all overgrown with woods. A cousin of my grandfather gave to me and my cousin when we were boys, two large boxes full of these Indian flint relics which he had picked up in the lot.

Half a mile to the southwest of the old rye lot is a sandy knoll where I have found scores of them, and here and there in plowed land or freshet-worn stream banks I not infrequently have found others.

Along the borders of the salt marsh are what are locally known as shell heaps, where for the space of half an acre or so the top soil is filled with burned and broken clam shells. Here undoubtedly the Indians held their clam bakes, for among the shells are to be found flint implements and broken pottery.

John G. Whittier, the poet, though not a native of Hampton, loved the seashore town with its tide-washed beaches and salt meadows, and spent many summers here. Throughout his writings the Indian lore is clearly in evidence, preserving for this and later generations, local history which had never before his time been written down, but which was handed along from one generation to the next by word of mouth, just as the Norse legends and other ancient history had been.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROHIBITION AND TOLERANCE

By JOHN A. RYAN

SOME six weeks after the inauguration of President Hoover, I received from a prominent lawyer in Los Angeles a copy of an address which he had delivered subsequent to the 1928 election on "The Political Status of Catholics in the United States of America." In my brief letter of acknowledgment to him I quoted this sentence from his speech: "Prohibition received a terrible blow when it was made the excuse for church conferences' attacking the Smith candidacy"; and advanced this proposition of my own: "The cause of religious tolerance has, in consequence of the last religious campaign, become permanently identified with the cause of anti-prohibition, so that the shortest route to the realization of the former will be the discrediting of prohibition." Commenting on this proposition the lawyer expressed the fear that any group opposing prohibition will be "discredited and debased even though they succeed in changing or in nullifying the amendment." In my reply to this statement I said that I did not share this apprehension because I was "convinced that time is fighting on our side even though the period necessary for success may be several years."

When I wrote "several years" I had no idea that prohibition would be substantially discredited in three and one-half years. Ninety-eight representatives and seven senators who are prohibitionists will not be members of the Congress chosen at the recent election. The places of all these will be filled by anti-prohibitionists. No wet member of the present Congress will be succeeded by a dry in the Seventy-third Congress. In nine states the people voted at the recent election on the question of repealing their state prohibition laws. Repeal was voted in every one of the nine states. Other questions affecting prohibition were before the voters in two additional states. Here, too, the verdict was against prohibition.

There is good reason for holding that religious intolerance received an equally great setback, for the time being at any rate. In all probability it is not dead. It will manifest itself again in more than one state when that course seems to be demanded by the fortunes of some of the candidates for political office. Since anti-Catholic intolerance in future campaigns will lack the support of successful prohibition, it will probably never again be as general or as effective as it was in the fall of 1928.

The enactment of the prohibition laws at the beginning of the last decade, and the artificial prestige which attached to prohibition for some ten years thereafter, led some American Catholics to the hasty inference that the Catholic cause would be promoted by allegiance with the cause of prohibition. In February, 1930, I presented to a sub-committee of the Committee of the Judiciary in the House of Representatives a statement against prohibition which received very wide publicity and considerable comment in the newspapers of the United States. One prominent Catholic prohibitionist was so disturbed and fearful, that he expressed the opinion that my statement had done the Church much more harm than any of the vicious attacks by Senator Hefflin. The Washington correspondent of the half dozen or more Methodist papers bearing the title, the *Christian Advocate*, declared that my attack upon prohibition represented the views of the bishops, and that everyone "now knows where the Roman Catholic hierarchy in this country stands in regard to prohibition, law observance and the Constitution of the United States." Continuing he said: "In this, as in every great moral and social reform since the birth of this nation, the burden of the struggle rests upon the Protestant citizens. . . . The battle in the moral progress of civilization is now at the turning point, and to the evangelical Christian forces of this nation belongs the victory, if every good soldier of Jesus Christ faints not, but wars a good warfare." Well, it looks as though "the moral progress of civilization" is not understood in the same way by Mr. Wolever as by the great majority of the American people exercising their sober and matured judgment in the recent election, and it looks as though my prominent Catholic prohibitionist friend was entirely wrong in his assumption that the opposition of Catholics to prohibition was a disservice in the Catholic Church.

Happily, very few Catholics were ever sincere believers in or active protagonists of national prohibition. The Catholic ethical and social sense instinctively persuaded the great majority of American Catholics that the policy of national prohibition was morally unsound and injurious to the public welfare.

Of course it would be unjust and absurd to assert that national prohibition and religious intolerance are necessarily associated. Nevertheless, they do exhibit some common elements. National prohibition depends largely upon the temper and beliefs of Toryism. Your genuine Tory is always willing to impose his beliefs upon his less enlightened neighbor. Toryism is likewise prominent in the minds of some of the more educated persons who would keep Catholics out of at least our highest political offices. For example, that high-class and able religious periodical, the *Christian Century*, had an editorial in its issue of October 18, 1928, in which it defended the proposition that Protestants could, without incurring the charge of bigotry, vote against Governor Smith on religious grounds: "They cannot look with unconcern upon the seating of the representative of an alien culture, of a mediaeval Latin mentality, of an undemocratic hierarchy and of a foreign protectorate in the great office of the President of the United States." To be sure, it may be an irrelevant fact that this journal is one of the most earnest advocates of national prohibition. Your stanch prohibitionist is willing to deprive his fellow citizens of fundamental individual rights. The believer in religious intolerance is willing to deprive his Catholic fellow citizens of office-holding privileges which are guaranteed to them by the Sixth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. Belief in national prohibition frequently leads to exaggerated judgments concerning the evil effects of the liquor traffic and the practice of consuming intoxicating drinks. It prevents men from examining all the facts, from seeing the effects in their proper proportions. Religious intolerance refuses to examine the pertinent facts concerning Catholic doctrine and the effects of Catholic belief upon the consciences and conduct of Catholic citizens.

The Road to Morar

With twenty finches on my right
I climbed the eastward hill.
The company was quick and bright,
Not one of them sat still.

They flew beyond, and perched, and dipped
From sudden stop to stop,
Kept close, but would not be outstripped,
Until I reached the top;

When in a flirt of brilliant wings
Their undersides that showed,
The flock of small inconstant things
Had left me to my road.

L. A. G. STRONG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Du Barry

THE SPONSORS of this latest operetta on the life of Du Barry have produced something which is a model of everything an operetta should be, so far as form, music and casting are concerned. They have not failed, however, to give it a large measure of box-office coloring in the various incidents selected for treatment. As related, it is one of those stories that attempts to throw a great deal of glamor and romance about the essentially crude debaucheries of the court circle of France at that time. It is always possible to write a serious play about such matters, in which the strength of the character study offsets to a certain measure the false values involved. But an operetta, by its very nature, could hardly hope to be a character study. In the present instance, a series of gorgeous pictures merely serve to heighten the generally cynical atmosphere and throw the illusion of romance about some very distinctly crude situations. So far as it may be possible, however, to separate actual material from its treatment, this production can be rated on a parity with that delightful work of many seasons back, "Monsieur Beaucaire." There is the same glamor of scene and costume, the same appropriateness of music and the same possibility for the leading singers to give a serious exhibition of their artistry. Primarily, "The Du Barry" is a vehicle for Miss Grace Moore's temporary return from grand opera to light opera. Her undoubted charm, both as actress and singer, has ample opportunity for spontaneous expression. Miss Moore's experience with the Metropolitan has done a vast deal to increase the range and power of her voice. It has, perhaps, less of the naive charm which made her such a popular favorite a few years ago, but it has made up for this in professional assurance and a much more thorough mastery of expression.

The story of the operetta concerns only that part of Du Barry's life covering her emergence from the position of a milliner's assistant to the power and privileges of a favorite of Louis XV. In the telling of the story, few of the more sordid details are spared, although, in each case, the attempt is made to shed glamor around a rather disagreeable picture.

It seems rather too bad that the producers of romantic light operas cannot find and use more themes of real and stirring romance, instead of being obliged to dip into the long history of royal delinquencies. The memory of "Monsieur Beaucaire," of "The Vagabond King" and even of "The Three Musketeers" is too fresh to permit us to believe that only the salacious material of history will serve the purpose. The history of Europe is simply teeming with subjects for romantic and glamorous treatment. There is no good reason why beauty of form should always be marred by cynicism and oversophistication. (At the George M. Cohan Theatre.)

Revivals and Survivals

A MATTER that has been catching the increasing attention of the theatrical world is the success of certain producers in reviving plays of fairly recent success. The latest announcement to fix attention on this matter is the prospective revival of George Kelly's "The Show-off." Here is a play that was undoubtedly one of the best of its kind several years ago, a play that critics have constantly brought up for comparison, not only with each succeeding new play by George Kelly, but with similar plays by other authors. Yet, so far as I know, it has had no revival over a long period of years outside of stock company productions.

The main point involved is this—that we can never hope to develop a so-called literature of the American theatre until really worth-while plays are assured of the possibility of a fairly lengthy life. This is possible in only two ways. They can become part of the repertory of theatres such as Miss Le Galliene's Civic Repertory, or they can be revived independently at frequent intervals for continuous runs. Of course, the objection is apt to be raised at once that most plays are, as the phrase goes, "dated," that they are written to meet a particular mood or temper of the times and that their revival under different conditions of public opinion usually proves a keen disappointment. This objection is quite valid in the case of the majority of mediocre plays including those which have a temporary success. It is true of plays which treat of some particular problem of the day—such as, for example, the recurrent one of the collision between younger and older generations. It is true of plays such as the majority of George Bernard Shaw's, which are written as part of a scheme of general social propaganda. But it is not true at all of those plays which are written honestly right out of the reservoir of universal human emotions. George Kelly's "The Show-off," for example, concerns a universal human failing. It could be transposed with the utmost ease into the nineteenth or the eighteenth century merely by the alteration of a few lines and of a few atmospheric suggestions. In other words, it is a play of character and of the problems of character as distinct from a play about purely social problems where character is a secondary matter. It relates the effect on a family group of an obtrusive individual who feels that he alone knows the right way of handling the family's affairs. "The Show-off" contains the same essential grain of truth that Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" contains. Molière's famous Monsieur Jourdain is a show-off of a very different type from George Kelly's hero. But the French people of Molière's day could have understood George Kelly's hero, as we, of course, understand Molière's.

I am pleading, therefore, for a more constant program of revivals on the part of leading producers—revivals not merely of the classics but of that select group of modern plays which exhibit many of the qualities of classics. Sydney Howard has written one or two in this category. The case of George Kelly is obvious. I am not even sure that homelier plays of the type of "Seventh Heaven" and "Lightnin'" might not fall into the same list. It would be well worth while for the producers to make a close survey of this entire field, with a view to discovering those plays which, because of their universal qualities, are anything but "dated." Without some such effort as this, we cannot have that special stimulus to authorship which comes from the feeling that a play may live for many years in the public esteem. It is only within the last two decades that we have had many plays of this character of American authorship. During the time that Ibsen was making his tremendous impression on the European theatre, our own plays were rather limited to themes of romance and adventure and were written in a style which would probably not appeal to the modern audience. But a change came over the face of our theatrical world about the time of the Great War. We should set ourselves the task of conserving the best of this period of transition toward maturity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

EDISON AND RELIGION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I have just read your October 26, 1932, issue containing an article captioned, "Edison and Religion," by John F. O'Hagan.

Rarely have I read an article with so many misstatements and untruths. Most of the statements made by Mr. O'Hagan in his article about Edison seemed to emanate from no other authority than Mr. O'Hagan himself. Surely, to write such an article and attribute to Edison certain beliefs and expressions without definite and concrete evidence is to assume liberties that cannot be sanctioned by people who demand the truth.

Mr. O'Hagan, in his article, says, "He [Edison] never asserted that he was an unbeliever." For the benefit of Mr. O'Hagan and you as editor, I wish to tell you that Mr. Edison was a member for many years and a liberal contributor to our society. He regularly paid his dues, and on occasions when I saw him personally, he was most enthusiastic about our work and most laudatory in commending our activities. If subscribing to our aims and principles and supporting our work is not a declaration of unbelief, then I would like to know what it is!

Mr. O'Hagan also says in his article that Mr. Edison did not endorse propaganda or books of non-believers. I challenge this statement. It is untrue. Mr. Edison voluntarily wrote the highest of recommendations for several of my writings and personally told me that he regretted that they could not have an unlimited distribution.

When I was fighting to keep religion out of the public schools of this state I wrote to Mr. Edison and asked for his opinion. As was characteristic of this great man he very tersely wrote me the following: "I do not believe that any type of religion should be introduced into the public schools of the United States."

My brochure showing that Lincoln was a Freethinker was highly praised by Mr. Edison as "one of the many publications of recent years which are dispelling the clouds of superstition and liberating mankind from a mythical religion." On my brochure of Jefferson as a Freethinker, Mr. Edison wrote me voluntarily among other expressions that "nothing could be finer."

Modesty forbids me from quoting in this letter all the complimentary remarks that Mr. Edison made about my books and the work of the organization of which I have the honor to be president.

On another occasion I wrote to Mr. Edison and asked him to give me his opinion of Robert G. Ingersoll, as I wanted to use it in an address over the radio and, among other things, Mr. Edison wrote of Colonel Ingersoll, "No finer personality ever existed upon this earth." Unless Mr. O'Hagan or anyone else can prove by incontrovertible evidence that Mr. Edison praised religious leaders in a manner and in words superior to those by which he referred to Ingersoll they should hold their peace!

It would take a letter entirely too long to go into details regarding Mr. Edison's belief, and to correct the many mistakes made by Mr. O'Hagan.

Neither can I share Mr. O'Hagan's statement regarding Mr. Edison and his support of the Roman Catholic Church. On my last visit to Mr. Edison, I brought up the question of the agitation that was then going on regarding the building of a shrine in Malden, Massachusetts, and Mr. Edison, during the course of his remarks about this matter, bemoaned the fact that there were still so many pitiful victims of this degrading superstition.

In my opinion, there has been no more disgraceful action on the part of overzealous religious people than their attempt to violate the sanctity of the grave and feed upon the dead body of this supremely great American, merely to advance their own beliefs.

If Mr. O'Hagan or anyone else can prove to me that Mr. Edison was a member of the Catholic Church or any church, that would be an altogether different matter. Until that time, for the sake of the truth, Mr. O'Hagan and others who are trying to make Mr. Edison to be what he himself very emphatically said he was not, should hold their tongues.

If THE COMMONWEAL is interested in the truth about Mr. Edison's beliefs they should repudiate the article, "Edison and Religion," by John F. O'Hagan.

JOSEPH LEWIS, *President,*
Freethinkers of America.

Staten Island, N. Y.

TO Mr. Joseph Lewis: Your not-to-the-point letter of November 7, addressed to the Editor, THE COMMONWEAL, has been forwarded to me for answer. The audacity of your enigmatical epistle is only exceeded by the inconsistencies of your counterfeit controversy.

If you are a Freethinker, your fatuous letter is evidence that you do not think clearly.

Answering your third paragraph, I reiterate Edison "never asserted that he was an unbeliever." For authority I would also refer you to the recent biography by Dr. Miller, Mrs. Edison, Thomas A. Edison, jr., William H. Meadowcroft, Frank A. Wardlaw, Harry F. Miller, Joseph F. McCoy and Major Charles A. Benton, people who for thirty to fifty years had his confidence and knew his opinions. He might have supported any liberal organization. He was also interested in the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and he admired "the Wild Man of Borneo." He appreciated the effectiveness of his act even though he had to "skin 'em and eat 'em alive."

Unless you advance better evidence than you have, you are not qualified to pass upon Edison's religious ideas. Liberal views are different from radical ones, and the attempt to shade a general expression to fit the ulterior needs of a specific purpose is worse than wrong. It may be of interest to you to know that marginal notes made by Edison on the leaves of books religious and irreligious will be photostated and published in due course. I hope then that you will not attempt to prove Edison did not know whereof he spoke.

As to your fourth paragraph, it is news to many of the people who were very close to Edison.

Your fifth paragraph is not pertinent to the arguments you first advanced.

The sixth paragraph is still more irrelevant.

Your seventh paragraph is out of line with your pat-yourself-on-the-back statements made earlier.

Your eighth paragraph indicates the extent to which unalert citizens stretch their imagination—I will not call it reasoning. The preponderance of printed material from the pens of people whose standing and impartiality Mr. Lewis cannot match, will remain an answer to this paragraph.

In the third paragraph you use the word "unbelief." In the ninth paragraph with something of religious solemnity you use the word "belief." How come?

I yield to no one in so far as familiarity with Edison's views on religion and in fact upon most other questions for nearly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty-five years, is concerned. I would call to the Freethinking gentleman's attention articles which I wrote and which were published in the New York *Times,* Sunday, October 25, 1931, and the New York Sunday *American* on November 15, 1931, March 20, 1932, and July 24, 1932. And if the controversial president is interested to learn more of Mr. Edison, I shall be writing much in the near future and I hope for his solemn edification. Members of the Edison family and his close associates of recent and former years will vouch for me. Do not worry that I have been misinformed, much less was I misquoted in the article about which your righteous wrath vents such balderdash.

It would be serious if it were not so humorous, that you apparently delegate to yourself the sole right to pass upon Edison's religious opinions. You deliberately misstate a fact in the first sentence of the tenth paragraph. The second sentence I question.

In answer to your eleventh paragraph, I must confess my suspicion when you use the word "sanctity." Let me for example, and I mean for your personal example, change part of that paragraph and say I have heard of the lack of courage of someone who sneaked into Rosedale Cemetery and, in violation of the family's wishes and the established rules, desecrated the grave of him who respected the desires of others and who never intruded where he was not desired.

Your illogical deductions are very plain in paragraph twelve. Read the article in THE COMMONWEAL again. Then read your letter carefully. Be honest with yourself. See if you have not been pettifogging. It may amuse you to see how amusing one can make oneself when he doesn't intend being amusing at all.

As to the last paragraph I wish to say I will match my knowledge of Edison, his confidence in me, the record of what I did for and with him, against any interloper who sought a random bone of opinion and then for unholy purposes tried to make it a whole carcass.

Your bald and bold assumptions indicate you take yourself too seriously. Again it is the case of ignorance becoming the father of arrogance.

Mr. Edison knew a few Latin axioms which he happily used when occasion demanded. As you would have us believe, you would have us place much weight in what Edison said. Then heed his favorite: "Veritas liberat vos." Which, should you not know, means: "The truth will make you free."

Good-by, Mr. Lewis, and what Mr. Edison often said of "the pestiferous professional atheist" has been amply borne out.

JOHN F. O'HAGAN.

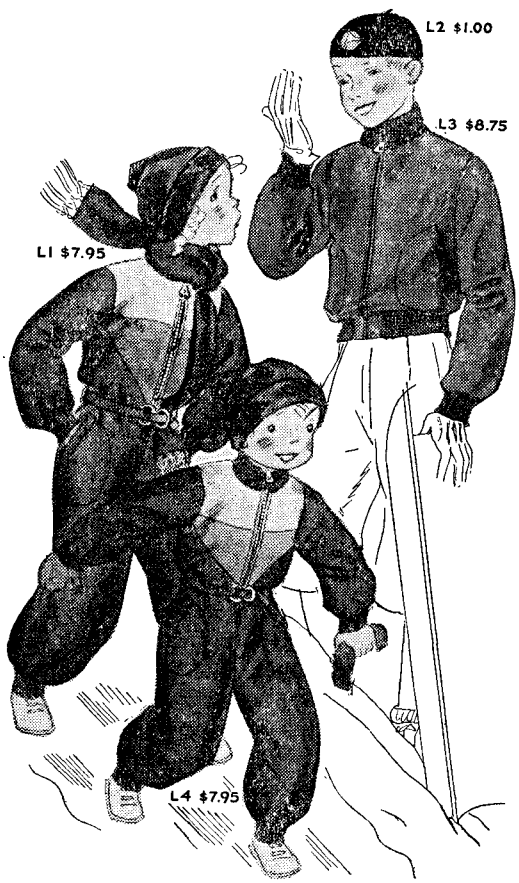
A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Colonie, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I am sorry that the editorial judgment of THE COMMONWEAL came in for censure by printing my barbershop chord in the "Layman's Plaint." I trust there is no overtone of tinkling cymbal in my opinion that the editorial office read my letter, whereas Mr. Freshnet, after the manner of a theme-reader correcting freshman D.T.'s, merely hit the high spots. However, I am grateful for the lesson in charity, as would be any dear, disgruntled old lady with the miasma, the snoops, an inherited strain of dementia praecox, a Hooveric loss of high command, and the flitters.

I was born while Dewey was flittering around Manila. That I was christened neither Dew nor Manila indicates the sound mental state of my parents. I was rocked to sleep, and the old rocker would take off at the "Tah-rah-room-*boom*-dee-yea," so

WHO'S AFRAID OF COLD AND SNOW



Zip! and away you go in

ALTMAN "SNOWIES"

$7.95

Warm, gay, closely-knitted, slightly-brushed. With a talon slide fastener and knitted cuffs and anklets. Snug fringed scarf for Sister . . . snug turtle-neck for Brother. Of course, the polo cap and mittens go with the outfit. Green, brown or navy with contrasting colors. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

And Big Brother's Jacket is $8.75

Second and Sixth Floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVE. AT 34TH STREET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rapt in the means rather than the end was the artist soul of my male parent. Doubtless Freud could make something of that.

The historic occasion of my flittering into the sacristry was to stick my nose into the matter of the Council of Trent. The sermon had been a direct contradiction of the text-book provided by local taxpayers, and the surprised priest did not resent my curiosity. He gave me access to his library and there I became acquainted with Lionel Johnson, Francis Thompson, Cardinal Newman, Paul Claudel, Katherine Brégy and—believe it or not—Michael Williams, proving that the pastor does take it up. I still think if I were on the trail of something distinctly cultural, I would seek a Catholic priest rather than one of his accredited intelligentsia. There would be a greater chance of his knowing and a far greater likelihood of his imparting the knowledge. However, I now flitter into reference libraries and occasionally into bookstores.

I respect my lawful pastors and sympathize with them a lot. They have a hard life. For all curates, I say a prayer composed by my Mother for her young son: "May the dear Lord keep him as good as he is and never let him get any worse." Moreover, I have a sense of responsibility toward both. I am certain if the laity were not so doggone cussed, the clergy might have a clearer idea of what their charges expect of them. Think of a pastor with a congregation intent on setting him a good example! A congregation lapping up Sunday morning sermons would insure more satisfying offerings from the pulpit. Already I see a trend in that direction. Mr. Freshnet likes to listen to sermons. Mr. Fitzgerald, wearing his prize medal, should leap over to New England and run interference against the flitterers so that the sermon may make unimpeded progress to Mr. Freshnet's accessible seat of intelligence. If my theory be correct, it cannot help but be a good sermon. Snatches of it will come to Mr. Fitzgerald between tackles and he will be edified. With two seats of intelligence available, there will be two good sermons the following Sunday, and presently there will be miles and miles, etc.

For myself, I maintain that I have heard worse than the most indifferent sermons—classroom lectures in Psych, for instance. As for Mr. Freshnet's little homily, it's the cookies and the pink frosting.

LORETTA REILLY.

LITERATURE AND THE SPIRIT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: May I congratulate you on the issue of November 16.

The article by Kaltenborn has a personal interest, as he is a classmate whose work I follow closely. But Professor Mercier's article, "Literature and the Spirit," brought back the memory of an evening at the Harvard Club which will ever remain with me.

Two years ago the club gave a dinner at which the late Dwight Morrow and Theodore Roosevelt were the guests of honor and principal speakers. The president of the club learned that Dr. Jules-Bois was among the diners and invited him to the head table. In his opening remarks, the president announced that the club had an unexpected honor in the presence of a famous son of France, introduced Dr. Jules-Bois and asked him to say a few words.

My mind goes back to that scene. Though taken by surprise, Dr. Jules-Bois was equal to the occasion. He paid a splendid tribute to Mr. Morrow and told of his several talks with the elder Mr. Morgan. Then turning to young Roosevelt, he drew a masterly picture of our famous ex-President, whom he had known for years. For too short a time he held us enthralled with his views on the position that America and France were destined to occupy for world betterment.

It is my fond hope that America will become better acquainted with Dr. Jules-Bois and his teachings.

E. C. KAVANAGH.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I was so interested by the study on the career of Jules-Bois, described in the last issue of your magazine.

As a young girl in Europe, years ago, I was extremely captivated by his novels, also his studies on feminism. He opened for me new vistas on our rights and duties, and the spiritual mission of the woman of today. I am sure that he has achieved good work here, as he did in Europe.

With congratulations for your periodical which always presents a survey of all intellectual, captivating problems, I am,

M. ROLLING.

CAN WE GO BACK TO THE LAND?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The writer had expected to see at least some comments in the November 9 issue of THE COMMONWEAL on Mr. Wilson's article in the November 2 issue. Perhaps the reason for the absence of comment lies in the fact that the article was too convincing to invite adverse criticism, or again, that those who are interested in getting back to the land are too eager to take the step to stop and discuss the matter in the pages of a periodical.

There is no question that many have actually gone back to the land during the past year or two. And if, after the present distressful times have passed into history, a greater portion of our population again finds itself closer to mother earth, who could doubt that, all things considered, our country would be the better off for it? Our cities today are proving just as destructive, if not even more so, than the cities of the past. And in view of this a movement to the land can only be considered highly beneficial, even though it may involve some serious and difficult readjustments.

EDGAR SCHMIEDELER.

A LETTER TO SAINT THOMAS

Pittsfield, Mass.

TO the Editor: With others I have read and enjoyed Helen Walker Homan's Letters to the Apostles, and I see that with Saint Thomas it is always "Thomas the Doubter" she knows. In my mind he is always "Thomas of the Wandering Foot."

In books I meet him in such far-apart and far-off places. In Tibet, in western Mexico, in Lew Wallace's "The Fair God." In a new life of Pedro Alvarado, by John Eoghan Kelly, reference is made to an old legend that the Apostle Saint Thomas came by boat from the East and landed on the eastern coast of Yucatan; and in the country about Lake Titicaca, high in the Andes of South America, the legend persists that he preached the Gospel to the natives there.

"The Catholic Encyclopedia" says that he was only in India and Persia, that all other places are legendary. But none of the other Apostles are ever mentioned, it is only and always Saint Thomas. And the question in my mind is, why pick on Thomas?

M. E. DEVANNY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Analysis of Intolerance

The Shadow of the Pope, by Michael Williams. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.00.

FOUR years ago, for the first time in American history, a Catholic Christian was the nominee of a major political party for the chief magistracy of the country. Half of the book before us is a record of the virulent anti-Catholic agitation which attended Alfred E. Smith's successful campaign for nomination and unsuccessful campaign for election. The record does not make pleasant reading for apostles of "sweetness and light," for champions of "reasonableness." It must equally disturb good Protestants who have boasted of the liberal nature of their Christianity and good Catholics (and good Jews) who have imagined that they were unexceptionable American citizens.

However unpleasant and disturbing, the record is factual and authentic. It is quite realist. It presents, with copious illustrations, a clear cool résumé of the avalanche of publications, addresses, posters, cartoons, falsifications and forgeries which aimed to discredit Mr. Smith by slandering and caricaturing the religion of himself and of some twenty million other American citizens. It is a highly useful and illuminating record—a "first aid" for perplexed persons who want to know why Alfred Smith "boiled over" in his Newark speech of 1932; a convenient source-book for future historians who will be concerned with democratic practice in a supposedly free country in the third decade of the twentieth century; and, best of all, a compendium of indispensable information for the very large number of contemporary Americans of diverse or no religious faith who sincerely wish to effect mutually respectful coöperation among all groups in the nation, but who can hardly achieve their wish unless they candidly recognize and confront the biggest and most immediate obstacle in the way. By all such, Mr. Williams's record of 1928 should be read and thoroughly pondered.

Mr. Williams's book, however, is more than a record of 1928. The first half surveys the recurrent waves of anti-Catholic agitation throughout the history of the United States—the excitement about the Quebec Act in the 1770's, the flutterings over the Alien and Sedition Laws in the 1790's, the coupling of Catholics with Masons in the Anti-Masonic scare of the 1820's, the Nativist movement in the 1830's, the Know-nothing activity in the 1850's, the A. P. A. commotion in the 1880's and 1890's, the formation of the Guardians of Liberty and the propaganda of the Menace in the 1910's, and the extended post-war campaign of the Ku Klux Klan. This survey is an important part of the book. It puts the outbreak of 1928 in fitting perspective. It shows that there has always been in our republic at least a latent anti-Catholic sentiment which could be fairly easily evoked and often made to serve personal or political ends. It shows also that none of the ugly methods employed in the campaign of 1928 had any merit of novelty.

Mr. Williams's historical survey of earlier anti-Catholic movements in the United States is precluded by limitations of space from being as detailed as his analysis of the most recent movement. Nor is the historical survey the work of a professional historian; it is not based on a first-hand use of original sources; it is fragmentary; and it errs in a few instances. The author is mistaken in supposing that New Hampshire stripped its state constitution of all religious discriminations in 1877; a vestige still remains, and, as Dr. Joseph Thorning has recently showed (in his "Religious Liberty in Transition"), repeated popular referenda have failed to remove it. Mr. Williams is

PERSONAL GIFTS

The New Prayer Book

Blessed Be God

by C. J. CALLAN, O.P., S.T.M.,
and J. A. McHUGH, O.P., S.T.M.

New: Consecration to the Sacred Heart (Christ the King), Official Litany to St. Therese (The Little Flower), and many other new devotions added to the best of the old prayers, including: Universal Prayer by Pope Clement XI, Prayer for the Church by Archbishop Carroll, etc.

Beautiful: Type arrangement is large and clear. Illustrations from the Breviary. Running-heads from the Vatican Library. India paper used exclusively. Bindings are simple and of the very best quality in each style. Each book in a printed box.

Complete: Complete Church Calendar, Statement of Christian Doctrine. "How To Pray." Ordinary of the Mass, Prayers at Mass, Mass for the Dead, Mass for Bridegroom and Bride, Holy Week, Novenas, The Most Holy Rosary, Meditations and Reflections from Scripture and the Imitation of Christ, etc.

780 pages. 6¼ x 4 inches. ¾ inch thick.

Black imitation leather, gold edges.....$2.50
Black rough leather, gold edges..... 3.50
Black leather, leather-lined, gold edges..... 4.50
Black morocco leather, gold edges..... 5.00
Black morocco, leather lined, gold edges..... 6.00

Other bindings at $7, $8, $9 and $15.

New Style Morocco Binding at Attractive Price

The Roman Missal

Complete English and Latin text of the Mass for every day in the year

Arranged by ABBOT FERNAND CABROL, O.S.B.

Special bible paper, clear type, 1432 pages, 4 x 6 inches, 1¼ inch thick

We are pleased to offer a special value in this new binding of the popular *Roman Missal,* arranged by Abbot Cabrol. The use of a new bible paper, tinted and opaque, enables us to present this book bound in genuine morocco, with gold edges at the attractive price of $4.50. It is fresh from the press and contains all the latest Masses, as well as the fine features of preface, notes and devotional prayers that have made THE ROMAN MISSAL so popular.

No. 745 Attractively bound in flexible black morocco; highly polished gold edges.....$4.50

Regular Edition. India Paper.

701 Black cloth, red edges..... $3.50
703 Black cloth, gold edges..... $4.00
710 American seal, flexible, gold edges..... $5.00
710R American seal, flexible, red edges..... $5.00
760 Morocco, flexible, gold edges..... $6.00
770 Morocco, leather lined, flexible, gold edges..... $7.50

At All Catholic Book Stores

P. J. KENEDY & SONS

12 Barclay St. New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

WE AND THE REST OF THE WORLD, by William Franklin Sands, is a review of the manner in which the United States can be very idealistic when it comes to defining how other countries (in the present instance, Japan) should act; whereas, when its own vital interests are involved, it can act in a style quite different from what it preaches. This is not crabbed criticism; it is a counsel of forbearance and of justice. The point certainly is not to maintain international relations at the lowest level of our own actions, but to insure that we shall not unfairly embroil ourselves by suddenly stating arbitrary rules of conduct for others nor judge them by imputing to them base motives, when we would not for a minute permit other nations to do these things to us. . . . THE ANIMALS AT THE NATIVITY, by Edythe Helen Browne, is a Christmas article, simple, beautiful and rich in authentic sentiment. With a marvellous sweep of information, it tells of the various manners in which artists through the centuries have envisaged the participation of beasts in the joys of Christmas. . . . HOW TO GET A CATHOLIC CENSUS, by the Reverend J. Elliot Ross, advances a proposal which would furnish information of the greatest value in an accurate form. The plan calls for the aid of the federal government and the coöperation of Protestants and Jews. It is worthy of the most serious consideration. . . . SAINT ALBERT THE GREAT, by the Reverend P. A. Walz, O.P., professor of church history at the Collegio Angelico in Rome, explains the threefold value which flows from the recent canonization of Albertus Magnus. History, doctrine and morals are clarified.

likewise mistaken in the assertion that "the War of 1812 united all American patriots"; the New England Federalists were patriotic, but they were so critical of the war that they counselled their respective states to secede from the Union.

Yet despite these and perhaps other minor inaccuracies, the historical survey is admirable. Its factual content is derived from perfectly reputable "secondary works"; its style is both dignified and attractive; its spirit is that of sympathetic regard for the opinions of those who disagree, no less than of those who agree, with the author's religious convictions. Moreover, while Mr. Williams is primarily concerned with objective and factual exposition, he is sufficiently philosophical, and sufficiently practical, to inject into his narrative occasional reflections of his own on the general cause and contributory factors of the whole anti-Catholic complex in the United States. From these reflections, few competent students of the subject, regardless of religious affiliation, will be likely to dissent.

In back of all anti-Catholic agitation in America, and in Britain too, Mr. Williams sees clearly the central fact that during the whole of the seventeenth century and a great part of the eighteenth the vast majority of English-speaking people were brought up on a bitterly anti-Catholic tradition in history and literature, and that, despite some wearing down of this tradition among intellectuals in the nineteenth century, it still carries weight and is largely uncontradicted in the minds of the masses. Its abiding influence is amply demonstrated not only in Mr. Williams's pages, but also in Cardinal Newman's great classic on the subject (1850) and in Father Herbert Thurston's recent volume entitled "No Popery, Chapters on Anti-Papal Prejudice" (1930). In explanation of the peculiarly American manifestations of anti-Catholic prejudice, Mr. Williams mentions certain special developments in this country: the large immigration of non-English Catholics, contributing to the identification of Catholicism, on the one hand, with what is "foreign," particularly what is "Irish," and, on the other hand, with what is socially "inferior" and presumably "ignorant"; the intensification of nationalism and racialism, increasing the pressure on all minorities, especially the Catholic minority, to conform with the *mores* of the majority; the alarm occasioned latterly by the seeming growth of the Catholic element in wealth and social position; and the apparently uncompromising attitude of Catholics themselves on the school question. Moreover, the author points painfully but truthfully to the sorry fact that while many sincere Protestants and some rather eminent persons (such as John Jay, Samuel F. B. Morse, General Miles, Senator James Watson) have participated in anti-Catholic propaganda, the chief stimulus to popular movements has come from "profiteers in prejudice," relatively obscure but thoroughly unscrupulous persons who play a game for its monetary reward.

There should be no misunderstanding of the author's position. He does not contend that there are no grounds for controversy between Catholics and non-Catholics. On the contrary, he does contend that what is true to one group is quite false to another group and that every group should be free to conduct propaganda in support of its own tenets. In other words, he takes his position unequivocally on the side of the American principle of religious liberty (including the separation of Church and State), and he pleads that it be practised as well as preached. It is for the practice of religious liberty that he would draw a line separating the domain of "legitimate controversy" from the domain of "unfair and illegitimate opposition to or attack upon religious groups, or individuals, because of their religious affiliations." This point he illustrates: "If a Catholic makes a speech or writes an article attacking the principles and the methods of,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say, the Lutherans, that act would not necessarily stir up religious strife dangerous to the public peace. But if a Catholic seeks to penalize a Lutheran because of his Lutheranism through political or legal discriminations; still more, if he seeks the support of others in an organized manner to accomplish those ends, then he is attacking religious liberty in the social, or political, sphere, which is the common meeting place of all Americans as citizens. . . . I may be obstinate and intolerant in my private and personal attachment to the Catholic Church (of which I am a member), yet if I invariably treat with my agnostic, and Protestant, and Jewish, and atheist neighbors, in all that concerns our common relations in society—in business, politics and all coöperative matters—without reference or relation to their beliefs or behavior in religious matters, while I may be potentially a bigot, certainly I do not, so to speak, 'commit bigotry.' If all of us so behave, there can be no bigotry in action."

Mr. Williams's book is a book about those who since the foundation of the republic and particularly during the last few years have "committed" bigotry against Catholic fellow citizens. As one looks at the record of bigotry "committed" in the 1928 presidential campaign, one is impressed by its tremendous sweep and power, by the very multitude of dreadful things that were said and done. And one is tempted to believe that this wave of bigotry has topped all others, and presages the worst kind of religious strife in the America of the not distant future. Mr. Williams is not so pessimistic, and he gives reasons for his optimism. He points out that the latest ebullition of anti-Catholic feeling, unlike those of a century earlier, was not accompanied by bloodshed or destruction of property; no Catholics were killed, no riots occurred, no churches or convents or orphanages were burned. He points out, moreover, that no step has been taken to reënact any of the anti-Catholic laws which were repealed a century ago or to penalize the Catholic Church in any way. He points out, also, that no intellectuals of the earlier type of John Jay or Samuel F. B. Morse took any active part in anti-Catholic organizations, while Nicholas Murray Butler and Henry Van Dyke are representative of numerous non-Catholic intellectuals who protested eloquently and ably against such organizations and the propaganda they conducted. If intellectuals have ceased during the past generation to lead the masses in anti-Catholic agitation, may not the masses during the ensuing generation cease to follow even the "profiteers of bigotry"? Perhaps if the author were writing his book now, he would hazard the guess that among various considerations which changed the vote of many a common man in the presidential election of 1932 an important one was the sense of shame at having been exploited and duped in 1928.

Altogether, Mr. Williams's book is extremely valuable as an introduction to one of the gravest problems confronting the political and social life of America. It should be of interest and significance not only to Catholics but to all American citizens. Indeed, it is so important that it should be followed up by more specialized and more thorough studies of the various aspects of religious strife in the United States—the economic and social factors as well as the political, the behavior of Catholic and Jewish minorities as well as of the Protestant majority. And in view of recent developments, it would be an especially fruitful undertaking to supplement the present record of bigotry on the part of self-seeking and ignorant non-Catholics with an equally voluminous record of the growing tolerance on the part of well-informed and truly patriotic non-Catholics and of their testimony as to the loyalty and service and good citizenship of American Catholics.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

A Gift for Christmas 1932

that would be appreciated by anyone who would like to have the latest volumes of such authors as Sigrid Undset, Maurice Baring, Princess Bibesco, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, Willa Cather—

IS A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB FOR ONE YEAR

entitling the recipient to twelve outstanding books chosen by our Board of Editors. For this month the selection is: *Mush, You Malemutes* by Bernard Hubbard, S.J., a book of adventure in the frozen North filled with experiences with dogs, sea-lions, volcanoes, and icebergs — and enriched by 187 remarkable pictures.

A notice of your gift will be sent to the recipient, and the first book will be mailed so as to arrive just in time for Christmas or you may back-date the subscription and obtain any of our previous selections.

CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB, Inc.
441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

☐ For $25 enclosed enter my subscription for one year (12 books).

☐ For $4 enter my subscription. I promise to pay $4 a month for six more months for a total of 12 books.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

College of
St. Elizabeth

A Catholic college for women, fully accredited, offering A.B. and B.S. degrees. Courses in teacher training and home economics. Beautiful 400 acre campus, one hour from New York. Attractive modern residence halls. All indoor and outdoor sports and social activities. For catalog and view book, write Dean, 11 Convent Station, N. J.

Madonna House Benefit Shop
Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side
QUEENSBORO BRIDGE MARKET
59th Street and First Avenue
Telephone ELdorado 5-4794
We Need
Furniture
House Furnishings
Clothing
A truck will call for anything you do not want.
Help the victims of the unemployment situation!
MADONNA HOUSE
169-175 Cherry Street New York City

"Liturgy is certainly a sacred thing; for by it we are elevated to God and joined with Him; by it we give testimony of our faith and bind ourselves to Him in most solemn homage for benefits and assistance received, of which we are constantly in need."—Pope Pius XI (*Apostolic Constitution* of December 20, 1928).

ORATE FRATRES
A Review Devoted to the Liturgical Apostolate

Endeavors to promote an intelligent and spiritually fruitful participation in the liturgy of the Church. It is a response to the "most ardent desire to see the true Christian spirit flourish in every respect and be preserved by the faithful," as expressed by Pope Pius X in his *Motu Proprio* of November 22, 1923—a spirit acquired "from its foremost and indispensable source, the most holy mysteries and the public and solemn prayer of the Church."

FROM A LETTER SIGNED BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GASPARRI

"The Holy Father is greatly pleased that St. John's Abbey is continuing the glorious tradition, and that there is emanating from this abbey an inspiration that tends to elevate the piety of the faithful by leading them back to the pure fountain of the sacred liturgy."

ORATE FRATRES is published every four weeks, beginning with Advent. Forty-eight pages. Two dollars per year in the United States. Write for free sample copy and descriptive leaflet.

THE LITURGICAL PRESS
COLLEGEVILLE MINNESOTA

The Gods in Poetry

Mythology and the Renaissance Tradition in English Poetry, by Douglas Bush. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. $3.00.

PROFESSOR BUSH is a miracle man. His study of the mythological inlay of English poetry is a monument of learning and discernment, but his wit is as care-free and pointed as if the art of making bon-mots were the only thing troubling his mind. Possibly, of course, the gods may resent being associated with so much wise-cracking, and a few American savants may stand with them. Yet none among even these would doubt the vitality, urbane wisdom and, in short, civilization of this book, in which the study of influences exerted by Ovid et al. is carried as far as the death of Milton. There is to be a second volume.

The author believes, quite correctly I think, that the Renaissance did not suddenly push a flock of classical authors into an English world thitherto ignorant of all save Beowulf and the Prophet Isaiah. Mediaeval scholarship had amassed considerable, if sometimes adulterated, mythological lore. This in turn had been absorbed by the poets, so that later English bards stood with one foot in the "new learning" while the other was stanchly immersed in the middle ages. Professor Bush shows all this in detail while studying the Elizabethans, his treatment being particularly effective when he discusses Spenser.

This is so remarkably competent a book, so dexterously picks its way among sources and critics alike without succumbing to the lure of will-o'-the-wisps, that one hesitates to make any derogatory remarks. I shall confine myself to three. First, the treatment of the Elizabethans is far better than that meted out to seventeenth-century writers. To me, the section on Cowley seems the only really weak part of the book. Second, the discussion of the influence of the Greek romances appears incomplete and I think Professor Bush could have profitably used Samuel Lee Wolff's volume, dull though it is (this omission is the only significant bibliographical lapse the present reviewer has noted). Third, one is a bit doubtful whether the version of Catholic civilization proposed is accurate. But this is a book for the teacher and student of English literature to dog-ear speedily.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Cosmopolite

Metternich, by Arthur Herman. New York: The Century Co. $5.00.

THAT Mr. Herman has made the most of the magnificent opportunity afforded him in the life and character of Prince Metternich is undoubtedly not the case, but he has at least given a competently written chronicle of the times between 1814 and 1848 in which this extraordinary figure played so significant and compelling a part. Moreover he has succeeded in making the reader realize the paradox of a man who stood for all that was in his day reactionary, a man whom liberal thinkers for more than a century have set up as the symbol of all that is malign in political thought and action, and yet whose basic philosophy is today that of the sanest and most liberal statesmen. For tortuous and brutal as Metternich's methods were, and employed through the medium of a worn-out idea—that of an hereditary autocracy—his ultimate aims were astonishingly like those of Briand and of Stresemann. His one main effort was to bring a lasting peace to Europe, and the chief enemy of that peace he visualized as the spirit of nationalism. Prince Metternich's whole life was devoted to the suppression and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

limitation of that spirit. A hopeless task it proved, because undertaken too soon and with mistaken weapons, and yet a task which is being resumed today by those statesmen who see most clearly and whose minds and spirits are the noblest and most enlightened. Of course these statesmen are neither the apostles of the status quo nor upholders of the policy of force. The status quo can never be permanent and never should be, for it is the policy of spiritual death, and the same goes for a policy of force. But the man who at the fall of Napoleon refused to permit France to be dismembered of Alsace-Lorraine showed that he was a true statesman and one who understood the futility of revenge.

On the historical and philosophical side, then, Mr. Herman's biography is admirable. Where it fails is in its depiction of Metternich as a human being and its neglect of the drama implicit in the man, and indeed in the social aspect of his times. We never through Mr. Herman's pages visualize Metternich either in his personal appearance or in his emotional reactions. Moreover the extraordinary color of such an event as the Congress of Vienna, its movement, its dynamic contrasts, its personal intrigue, is completely passed over. What resulted politically from his contract with Talleyrand, for instance, is indicated, but what of the personal meetings of these two extraordinary men? We are given nothing. And this is true with Castelreagh and with Hardenberg as well. Only in his love affairs does Mr. Herman try to portray Metternich in his dramatic aspects, and even here he fails to bring him clearly before us. It is a pity, for were he as successful in this province of a biographer's duty as he is as a chronicler of events and a political analyst, his book would be of the first importance.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Faith in the West

Early Catholic Missions in Old Oregon; edited by the late Clarence B. Bagley. Seattle: Loman and Hanford Company.

A BROCHURE on the missions of Oregon was compiled in Brussels (1847) from the accounts of missionaries in the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, to which were appended letters from the Sisters of Notre Dame, located at St. Paul, to their superior in Belgium. This has been translated by Sister Daniels of St. Vincent's Home in Seattle and made available for historians and readers who are displaying a renewed interest in the secular and religious beginnings of the Far West. It is a useful little book and well done, with its cut of Father Blanchet's Catholic Ladder which proved so useful as a graphic aid in explaining the faith to the tribesmen, that it was copied by the Protestant missionaries.

It is an interesting chronicle with the sacrifices, the terrible privations, and the rivalries ignored by the heroically humble correspondents, who did so much to popularize the Western missions in Belgium. Yet no story can lack romance which includes Dr. John McLoughlin and his furmen, Jason Lee, the Methodist, the Blanchets, Demers, De Smet, Hoecken, the arrival of the Jesuits, and, above all, the colony of Notre Dame nuns of Belgium who journeyed around the Horn to labor as teachers and nurses among the half-breeds, French and American Protestant settlers, and the semi-barbarous Indians. There is no evidence of intolerance or factionism in chronicle or letter, though the writers were living in a welter of rivalries: American versus Canadian fur interests, American saviours of Oregon against British subjects, intense sectarianism, and Indian wars. Professor Bagley's last work is a happy reminder of his past services.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE
CASTLE RIDGE, TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
40 minutes from N. Y. City. Confers B.A., B.S., M.A., Degrees. Music, Art, Elocution, Pedagogy, Journalism, Domestic Science, Secretarial, Dramatics.
MARYMOUNT SCHOOL IN WILSON PARK, TARRYTOWN
Two Year Pre-Academic — College Preparatory — Junior College.
Riding Gym., Stadium, Swimming Pool, Sports, Games, for all departments.
Branches: Paris, France; Rome, Italy; 5th Ave., N. Y. C.; Bel-Air, Calif.
Address REVEREND MOTHER

NEWMAN SCHOOL
LAKEWOOD—NEW JERSEY
Prepares boys for all leading colleges and universities. Upper and Lower School. Directed by Catholic laymen. Resident Chaplain.
For Information Address
W. GRIFFIN KELLEY, *Headmaster*

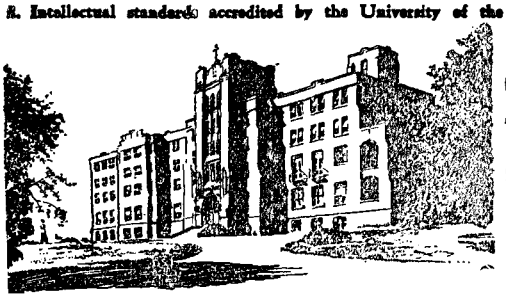
"IT IS A GREAT BOOK"
The Commonweal
"This great book we are considering is not merely a chronicle or even a document of biographical value. It is one of those masterpieces in which literature occasionally concentrates the life of an age, and out of which a different generation can derive no end of thought." *Geo. N. Shuster in The Homiletic and Pastoral Review*
". . . Let them read these pages and feel humility come over them. . . . These records are more absorbing than the wildest romance."
The Little Flower Monastery Messenger
"The greatest publishing scoop of our time . . . a work of cultural importance of absolutely incalculable value."
Burton Rascoe in the New York Sun
For Christmas
The Trial of Jeanne D'Arc
$4.00
GOTHAM HOUSE, Inc.
66 Fifth Avenue New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPERT EDITING
OF
THESES—ARTICLES—BOOKS
Ten years' experience
Research work Typing Proofreading
Box 105, The Commonweal

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Eldorado 5-1054

To the Faithful of the Archdiocese of New York
A LASTING REMEMBRANCE
The Framing of Your Perpetual Membership Certificate or That of Your Dear Departed
Will Be a Remembrance of Your Charity to Catholic Missions and Also of the Spiritual Benefits From the Masses, Prayers, and Good Works of Over 65,000 Missionaries.
Perpetual Membership $40.00
Framing 1.00
We Also Remind You to Mention Our Charity in Your Will
The SOCIETY For the PROPAGATION of the FAITH
462 Madison Ave., N. Y. City (Cor. E. 51st St.)
Phone—PLaza 3-4476
Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D., V.G. Chairman
Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell Director

MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON
Newburgh, New York, offers your daughter
1. Training for character and health in an atmosphere, healthful, distinctive, Catholic.
2. Intellectual standards accredited by the University of the State of New York, and the Association of the Middle States and Maryland.
3. Modern fireproof buildings.
4. Sixty-eight acre campus overlooking the Hudson.
5. Athletic field and new Gymnasium.
Illustrated booklet upon request.
Sisters of St. Dominic.


BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse; chosen by E. K. Chambers. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00.

IT IS hardly a secret that the sixteenth century affords a wealth of material for the anthologist, who has indeed long since realized as much. The value of Mr. Chambers's collection lies both in the use made of previous anthologies, and in a good taste which seems never to fail. Great names are not excluded. Indeed, it is in the care expended upon them that the individuality and distinction of the present volume are to a great extent dependent. Spenser was never more favorably set forth in a general anthology, and for the reprint from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander"—something of an anthological tour de force—many readers will be grateful. Perhaps the best selecting, however, is that made from the works of Daniel, Drayton and Davies, poets whom Mr. Chambers evidently knows and understands. One is also thankful for many minor favors, for example, Constable's splendid sonnet, "To Our Blessed Lady." If by way of compensation the anthologist has followed his recent brethren in assenting to verse by assorted royal hands, that is after all no grave crime. The volume is one lovely panorama of great poems, to know which is almost a self-sufficing introduction to literary art. Of interest is the excellent manner in which diction and punctuation have been modernized. From this point of view Mr. Chambers's book is far superior to the excellent kindred collection by Messrs. Hebel and Hutton. Excepting for one or two passages, the reading is smooth and clear. To make a potentially long story short, here is an anthology of distinction which is sure to meet with popular favor.

Samuel Butler, by Clara G. Stillman. New York: The Viking Press. $3.75.

BUTLER is a difficult person to write about, though his books continue to prod readers into comment both exasperated and laudatory. The present biography, while industriously taking into account all that has previously been written, adds nothing of real importance to our knowledge of the subject. Perhaps the best section is that devoted to Butler's conception of evolution. The writing is frequently good, but usually just misses being stodgy by something like a hair. Suspended sentences follow one another nimbly throughout the volume. All in all, it is a good, careful study which has been attractively printed and bound.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. JOHN P. MCCAFFREY is chaplain at Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, N. Y.

KATHARINE DARST sends us this article from Illinois and THE COMMONWEAL has investigated her statements.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY is a New York poet.

REV. T. O'R. BOYLE is a member of the faculty of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.

WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM is a New Hampshire farmer and writer whose books include "Little Beasts of Field and Wood" and "American Animals."

REV. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of "A Living Wage" and "Social Reconstruction."

L. A. G. STRONG, an English writer, has lately published a new novel, "Brothers."

CARLTON J. H. HAYES is professor of history in Columbia University and the author of several books of which the most recent is "The Political and Cultural History of Modern Europe."

GRENVILLE VERNON, author of "The Image in the Path," is a publisher and a critic of literature and music.

RICHARD J. PURCELL is professor of history in the Catholic University of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED